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PRICE



# WOMEN'S WEEKLY



*Mother buys a hat*



## TESTING GROUND IN NEAR NORTH Our cover:

**T**HE British High Commissioner in Malaya, Lieut.-General Sir Gerald Templer, in a recent broadcast gave Australians a good deal to think about.

He pointed out that there are 400,000 men under arms in Malaya and that the fighting has been going on for four years.

*The Malayan war has been overshadowed by the Korean war.*

It is an insidious, creeping sort of campaign. A planter ambushed and killed one day, a clash between two patrols—these do not make big headlines.

*Accordingly, the total loss of life and destruction of property are rarely realised and the strategic importance of the campaign is written down.*

Yet the war in Malaya is just as important as the one in Korea for Australia and the Western Powers.

In Korea two local factions, one supported by the United Nations, are fighting, but in Malaya a Western Power—Britain—is directly involved.

Malaya and Indo China, where the French are waging the same kind of war against the Vietminh forces, are testing grounds for Western arms and ideals against Communism in Asia.

*If the British forces in Malaya succeed in their painstaking task of rooting out the guerrillas it will make the Communists pause and think.*

But as Sir Gerald Templer pointed out, until the standard of living and education in Malaya and eventually throughout Asia is raised to a point where the doctrines of Communism can no longer appeal, the fight will not be over.

● Artist Wep, who often gets a wacky slant on life in his cartoons, has a gently satirical dig at both husbands and wives on this week's cover, which bears the sly title, "Mother Buys a Hat."

### This week:

● On page 5 are the full details of our fascinating new contest with its dazzling grand first prize of a trip to London next year for the Coronation. The winner may choose a travelling companion, and these two lucky people will have a superb view of the actual Coronation procession, as well as being able to witness much of the other public pageantry associated with the crowning of a monarch. Accommodation is being booked at one of London's most exclusive hotels, and the whole tour will be on a scale to leave you breathless. The contest is one that anybody can enter. There are three subjects to choose from, and you may send in as many entries as you wish in any, or in all three, of the sections.

### Next week:

● Now is the season of race carnivals, and very soon it will reach its climax with the running of the Melbourne Cup—on the traditional first Tuesday of November. This gives special point to a story we have next week, illustrated with lovely color pictures, about the training of Caversham, who is among the two-year-olds beginning their racing careers this spring. Caversham, a fine black colt, topped the New Zealand yearling sales at £4500, and was imported by Mr. Dave Prince, of Melbourne.

● Another feature next week consists of striking action photographs in color of water skiing at Sackville, N.S.W. The daring people who indulge in this sport skim over the water at speeds of up to 40 miles an hour. Water skiing, which is rapidly becoming popular all over Australia, is now in full swing on warm and sunny week-ends.

## Powerful short stories by Daphne du Maurier Book review by AINSIE BAKER

**A**N unsuspected power is revealed in Daphne du Maurier's collection of short stories.

There is strong stuff in every one of the six stories that make up the book, which is entitled "The Apple Tree." None of them is what you would expect from a popular novelist.

The opening story, "Monte Verita," a kind of "Lost Horizon," is weakened by a theatrical quality and is less successful than the others.

The dominant and eventual destruction of her husband by a nagging wife, after her death, is the theme of the title story.

"The Birds" will continue to haunt the mind long after the book is put down. It tells of an attempt by the birds of the air to destroy mankind.

For sheer nightmare quality its equal is not to be found outside the pages of Edgar Allan Poe.

The only story with any tenderness in the collection is "Kiss Me Again, Stranger," a postwar tragedy about a picture show usherette and a garage mechanic, and the most impressive example of short-story writing in the book.

The most worldly of the stories, "The Little Photographer," is concerned with the holiday affair of a wealthy and idle Marquise with a club-footed photographer at a French seaside resort.

Our copy from the publishers, Victor Gollancz.

**H**AMMOND INNES is perhaps today's most distinguished practitioner of the straight out action story.

His new novel, "Campbell's Kingdom," will not disappoint the large following he has built up with such books as "The Angry Mountain," "The White South," and "Air Bridge."

Old Campbell had spent his life in the vain attempt to prove that there was oil in the Rocky Mountains. On his death he left his "kingdom"—7000 feet up in the Rockies—to Bruce Wetherall, his grandson in England.

"I pray God you will accept the mantle of my beliefs and wear it to the damnation of my enemies," read the note accompanying news of the inheritance.

Wetherall, given five months to live by his doctors, decides to go to Canada and spend the time left to him in vindicating his grandfather.

Almost at once he finds himself pitted against the ruthless activity of a big mining company that has other plans for the "kingdom," and the angry malevolence of the town left poverty-stricken by supporting Campbell's ventures.

The hectic action and mounting suspense of the closing chapters make the book one to strain your eyes over.

Published by Collins. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

### Quote:

"And I am praying to God on high,  
And I am praying Him night and day,  
For a little house, a house of my own—  
Out of the wind's and the rain's way."

—Padraic Colum



Terry Dear

Director of Australia's Amateur Hour says

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Heinz Liepman

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# Elegant Duchess the toast of Malaya

**The Duchess of Kent and the young Duke, Prince Edward, received warm welcomes from the populace wherever they went in Malaya.**



**ISLAND CLUB TEA-PARTY.** The Duchess of Kent, carrying a spray of Malayan orchids, arrives at the Island Club with the president, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, British Commissioner-General for South-East Asia.

• The reception at the City Hall, Singapore, when the Duchess of Kent received the freedom of the city during her tour of Malaya, was an example early in the tour of the pleasure felt at her visit.

THREE hundred guests spontaneously sang "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow" and raised their glasses to her.

While the Duchess was engaged mainly with official engagements, the young Duke was able to lead a less formal life. In addition to visiting R.N., R.A.F., and Army establishments, picnics and swimming parties were on his programme.

When he visited the R.A.F. stations at Seletar and Tengah he flew in a Valetta, and later he went on a training flight in a Meteor jet fighter.

With his mother he followed the complete process of rubber production, Malaya's chief industry, now earning dollars for Britain.

When mother and son tried their hands at tapping rubber trees, the Duke proved the more proficient.

At Malacca the Duchess ate world-famous Chinese prepared sharks' fins and Malayan curries. She attempted to use chopsticks, but gave up when the elusive sharks' fin slipped back each time into the bowl.

At the same luncheon the Royal visitor also tried Chinese macaroni, a black glutinous rice and sago pudding.

ding, prepared with Malacca-produced sugar and coconut milk.

At King's House, Kuala Lumpur, the Duchess dined with seven Malay rulers and their consorts. The rulers arrived in colorful ceremonial dress, and elaborate headdresses.

The Duchess wore a billowy white tulle evening gown with a diamond tiara in her hair.

Wherever she has appeared, whether the occasion was an inspection of the Singapore Naval Base Dockyards or at the Government House Ball, she has been beautifully gowned.

## Fashions admired

HER choice of frocks for each occasion, her accessories and jewels had been one of the main topics of conversation in Malaya since her arrival.

For morning visits to the Naval, Military, and Air bases in various parts of the island, the Duchess has chosen cotton dresses with white accessories, including sandal-type shoes.

Following local custom, she has carried a spacious handbag which would hold a complete make-up kit, so that after spending several hours in the scaring Singapore heat she could renew her make-up.

On all occasions the Duchess' make-up has been very light, emphasising her clear, olive-toned skin.

Her hair, with its centre parting with softly brushed curls swept behind the ears, achieved a coiffure of casual elegance.

The Duchess' programme includes an overnight stay in a jungle house on the shore of the South China Sea during a visit to Seria oilfield, North Borneo.

There is an oilwell almost at the bottom of the garden.

When the oilfield was regained from the Japanese in 1945, building materials were in short supply throughout the world.

As the returned oilmen cleared fresh stretches of jungle to expand the field, they used the trees they felled to build homes for themselves and their families.

Wood for floors and framework came from jungle giants; palms provided thatch, and woven palm-leaf matting covered the outer walls. Even the furniture was largely made from local woods.

Many of the oilfield staff have now been rehoused in new concrete bungalows, but the managing director and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Hales, host and hostess to the Duchess, are still in their "kadjang," as the jungle houses are called.

Like many others, the house stands within a stone's throw of the beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Hales are moving out for the Royal visit, for the Duchess and part of her suite to occupy the house. An air-conditioner has been installed in preparation, but otherwise the house is unaltered. Kadjangs have been made ready for other members of the Royal entourage.



**CURTSEY.** Mrs. Elizabeth Choy, only woman member of the Singapore Legislative Council, curtsies when she is presented to the Duchess. Mrs. Choy was decorated for her work in helping British prisoners-of-war and internees during the Japanese occupation in World War II.



**DUCHESS VISITS SOLDIERS' HOME.** The Duchess of Kent with Miss Symes, who runs the Sandes' Home at Singapore for wives and families of soldiers, during the Duchess' visit to the home.



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### WORLD TENNIS STAR

Seventeen-year-old Maureen Connolly, world champion woman tennis player, is looking forward to her Australian tour with characteristic zest and enthusiasm. She bubbles and fizzles with excitement when talking about Australia.

A.M. for November introduces Little M to Australians.

Make sure of your copy of the November A.M. today.

### WHEN KIDNEYS WORK TOO OFTEN

Are you embarrassed by too frequent elimination during the day and night? These symptoms, as well as: Bladder Irritation, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Thirstiness, Lumbago, Broken Sleep, Circular Under Eyes, are usually due to germ-caused kidney and bladder troubles. The first dose of Cyren, the new scientific medicine, goes right to work overcoming troubles in 1 way: 1. Kills germs causing trouble. 2. Gets rid of poisonous acids. 3. Strengthens and reinvigorates kidneys and bladder. Get Cyren from chemist to-day under guarantee: satisfaction or money back.



**CHAMPION BOXER** Sugar Ray Robinson rehearses a tap-dance at the studio of his instructor Henry Le Tang (at piano).

## Sugar Ray may come here in dance act

From GEORGE MCGANN, in New York

Australians may see dazzling Sugar Ray Robinson, the world middleweight champion, next year, but it will be in his new role as dancer and not as a boxer.

It is now believed that Sugar Ray, badly affected by heat prostration, which cost him his last bout with cruiserweight champion Joey Maxim, has fought his last fight.

**R**OBINSON'S ambitions are centred on the stage at present and he is hard at work putting together an act which he hopes to take round the world.

In preparation for his theatrical career, Robinson recently underwent facial surgery.

"I had scar tissue removed from both eyebrows," he told me during a break in his daily tap-dance practice at a Broadway dance studio.

"They were all puffed up from being cut and opened up each time I fought. But the plastic surgeon removed that tissue, and now I look pretty good."

Robinson's face is now unmarked and bears no evidence

in the form of cauliflower ears or swollen nose of his ten-year ring career.

There had been rumors that Ray was having his nose altered at the time of his operation.

"No, the doc did not touch the outside of my nose," Robinson said. "He removed a nasal obstruction on the inside, but did not change the shape of my nose at all."

Robinson looked at himself sideways in the mirror, and laughed. "That's a pretty good nose—bet you Bob Hope would trade noses with me any time."

Sugar Ray also talked frankly of his changed attitude towards the prize-ring.

"I was like to nearly die that night in there with Maxim," Robinson said.

He shook his head at the memory of the sweltering June night in the Yankee Stadium when the temperature climbed well above the century mark and caused his collapse in the 13th round.

"My mind wasn't right for days afterwards," he said. "I was going and coming — my mind would go blank, then I would come to again. I still don't feel recovered completely. I don't dare go out in the sun."

The handsome, 32-year-old Harlem negro refused to commit himself about retirement from the ring, although American newspapers have been carrying reports recently that he has decided to hang up his gloves for keeps.

"I don't know yet whether I am going to retire," he added. "I really haven't made up my mind."

However, if my theatrical plans succeed, I would not have time to train for a bout within the six months prescribed for champions to defend their titles.

"My wife don't want me to

fight no more. She never did want me to fight."

Robinson has thrown himself into his theatrical ventures with typical enthusiasm and industry. For several weeks he has been dancing five hours a day for five days a week under the direction of Henry Le Tang, a leading Broadway dance instructor.

He thinks a few more weeks of concentrated effort will be enough to polish his dancing sufficiently for a stage debut.

"Sugar didn't know a real dance step when he first came to me," Le Tang said. "But he has great natural rhythm and grace, and a real feeling for dancing. He has mastered very intricate tap routines quickly, and I think the public will love him on the stage."

"Put in the story that this feller here is a regular Simon Legree," Robinson said. "I had a lot of fight managers in my time, but none of them was ever as tough as Henry Le Tang."

Robinson was gleeful after he went through a long, hot routine with Le Tang without once breaking the rhythm.

"We're going to have a real good act—real good," the boxer exclaimed. "I'm going to give those people their money's worth, no kidding."

"My act will open in a nightclub in New York before the end of this year. If successful, I will go to Europe and other foreign countries."

"I'll go down to Australia if we are able to work out the right financial arrangements," Robinson added.

"Say, talking about Australia, that was sure tough about Dave Saps," Ray said seriously. "It was a terrible thing for him to die like that."

"I am sorry he died. But I can tell you I was not in any hurry to fight him. He was one of the best. Definitely championship material."

### Romantic serial in next week's issue

"Daughter of the House," a sophisticated love story by youthful Australian author Catherine Gaskin, will begin next week.

"Daughter of the House" took 18 months to write—much longer than any of Miss Gaskin's previous books.

She told our London representative that this was because she was no longer satisfied with a superficial acceptance of everyday things and re-wrote many passages to portray the truth of life as she now saw it.

At 23 she is an established novelist. "Daughter of the House," as well as being fascinating reading, shows how the young author's powers have developed in the seven years she has been writing novels.



# CORONATION TOUR AS PRIZE

## Win a holiday in London for two by entering our fascinating contest

**THIS** week, in launching our Coronation Contest, we announce the most exciting first prize we have ever offered our readers.

*It is a trip to London for two people. They will fly to and from England and, in a glorious fortnight, will see the Coronation procession and all the thrilling sights of the great city celebrating the crowning of the Queen.*

The contest is divided into three sections. By entering ANY-ONE of these three sections you could win the first prize and, as winner, you may choose a companion to accompany you on the trip.

*There are many other prizes in the contest, which is of interest to the whole family.*

● Choose one of these three subjects, then write your entry about it. Your entries may be as short as you like but they should preferably be not more than 500 words:—

1. Describe the most wonderful day of your life.
2. Tell us how you would entertain the Queen if she and her two children came informally for afternoon-tea. Give the recipes for the food you would serve and say what three guests you would invite and why.
3. Write an imaginary conversation between Elizabeth the First and Elizabeth the Second.

Now read on and we will give you the details of these three sections.

### 1. Describe the most wonderful day in your life:

If you think about this you will realize that there are wonderful days in everybody's life.

You may say—"But my life is not exciting." Yet what about your wedding day, the day you saw your first baby, the day your son came home from the war?

Or, if you are not married, perhaps it was the day you got your first job, the time you won a school race for which you had trained over many months.

We chose this subject because the Coronation could be considered one of the most wonderful days in the Queen's life. Yet the big moments of life are not all connected with big and thrilling events.

Indeed, it is possible that the Queen herself remembers less spectacular days. Often it is the small, personal moments which make great memories.

You don't need to be a clever writer to send a winning entry.

You need only tell your experience simply, in your own words, just as if you were telling it to a friend.

It may be as short as you like, the length of an ordinary letter. Try to keep the length under 500 words, but we will not disqualify you if you write a few words more.

### 2. If the Queen and her two children came to your home for afternoon-tea:

Imagine what you would do if you received a message to say that they would call informally next week. Make your plans and write them down.

Don't worry your head about Royal etiquette. Just tell us what you would serve for afternoon-tea, how you would decorate the sitting-room and set the afternoon-tea table.

You may ask three people outside your household. Whom would you invite? And why? You may please yourself whether they are personal friends or Australians whom you don't know personally, but think the Queen would like to meet.

With this entry you should send recipes of any cakes, scones, etc., which you plan to make.

Your entry may be quite short, preferably not more than 500 words. However, the recipes need not be counted in the total words.

### 3. Write an imaginary conversation between Elizabeth the First and Elizabeth the Second:

This section is for those readers who like to let their imaginations run riot.

Suppose the spirit of the first Elizabeth to appear and discuss any subject at all with Britain's young Queen.

It is nearly 350 years since the death of Queen Elizabeth the First. She, too, was a young woman, only 25, when she came to the throne. She could hardly fail to be interested in her namesake.

We leave it to you to choose the subject of their dialogue. They might talk on affairs of state or domestic matters. They might talk of their realms or of clothes.

You may like to use your historical knowledge or your humor. We rather hope to have some amusing entries in this section.

Read the contest rules below.

You may enter for all three sections if you like, and you have a chance of winning more than one prize.

The grand first prize, valued at more than £2000, the trip abroad, will be given for the best entry in the whole contest.

## THE PRIZES

**FIRST PRIZE** for the best entry in the contest: Coronation tour for two valued at more than £2000. The winner and companion will fly to England and U.S. via Qantas/B.O.A.C. and across the Pacific home by B.C.P.A.

Travelling ensemble and afternoon frock by Madame Pellier valued at £170.

Complete nylon lingerie outfit and fashion goods by Prestige valued at £100.

**SECOND PRIZE** for the second best entry: a specially fitted Ford Consul car valued at £1160.

**THIRD PRIZE** for the third best entry: a President Model 88 refrigerator valued at about £180.

**THREE PRIZES** of £100 for the best entry in each of the three sections other than the entries winning the three major prizes.

**THREE PRIZES** of a Philips portable radio, each valued at £36/15/-, for the second best entry in each of the three sections.

**PROGRESS AWARDS** OF £10 for entries published during the contest. 25 consolation prizes of £5 each.

The winner and companion will fly to England and U.S. via Qantas/B.O.A.C. and across the Pacific home by B.C.P.A.

A travelling ensemble and an afternoon dress suitable for Coronation festivities, valued at £170, from Madame Pellier's exclusive fashion salon in Sydney, will be an additional prize for the winner.

The first-prize winner will also receive a complete nylon lingerie outfit by Prestige, including nightgowns and stockings, with other Prestige fashion goods. This prize is valued at £100.

Second prize is a 1952 Ford Consul car, with special fittings, worth £1160. The third prize is a President Model 88 refrigerator, which sells at about £180.

Three prizes of £100 will be given for the best entry in each section. The first-prize entry will not receive the £100 for the section in which it is entered, nor will the winners of the car and refrigerator be eligible for the £100 awards.

A five-valve Philips portable radio, valued at £36/15/-, will be awarded for the second-best entry in each section.

As well, there will be progress awards of £10. They will be given for entries which we publish each week during the contest, and these published entries will remain eligible for the major prizes.

However, these published entries will not necessarily be the best ones in hand at the date of publication.

They may be chosen because their length happens to suit the space in the issue in which we use them.

In addition to this magnificent prize list, 25 consolation awards of £5 each will be made.

In future issues we will give you more details of the itinerary we are arranging for our first-prize winner and companion.

Should the winner be under the age of 18, he or she will be required to choose an older companion, either a member of the family or a person approved by parents.

The whole exciting trip, because of the speed of air travel, will take less than a month, so that the winner and companion should find it easy to arrange absence from home or office.

First-class accommodation will be booked in London, and the lucky pair will have the holiday of a lifetime.

The contest will remain open until January 16.

## CONTEST RULES

Address your entries "Coronation Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box No. 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

You may enter one section, two sections, or all three, and send as many entries as you like. Each entry must be accompanied by a coupon. Write on one side of the paper only.

Put your own name and address in block letters at the top of each page of your entry.

The entries may be as short as you like and should preferably be not more than 500 words. In section two, the recipes need not be counted in your total words.

Copyright in all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd. Entries will not be returned. They will be destroyed after the contest ends.

Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judges' view of the relative merits of the entries received.

No correspondence will be entered into regarding the judges' decisions.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its subsidiary companies are not eligible to enter the contest. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

### CORONATION CONTEST

October 29, 1952. Paste one coupon on each entry.

I warrant that the accompanying entry is my own original work. I accept the conditions of entry and agree that the judges' decision will be final.

SIGNATURE

Mrs., Mr., or Miss

ADDRESS (Block letters)

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# He wore a dinner jacket every night

## Butler's memories of people and places

By MARGARET BINGHAM, staff reporter

Many people who attended Vice-Regal functions in Sydney during the 'twenties and 'thirties will remember the table decorations of Mr. P. A. (Alexander) Alderman.

Mr. Alderman was chief steward at the Union Club, Sydney, for 16 years and was often called in to Admiralty House and Government House to advise and help with arrangements for big functions.

He is now 70 years of age and lives in retirement with his wife in a pretty little cottage at Warri Beach, Gerringong, N.S.W.

"Lord and Lady Gowrie always relied on me for help with their catering problems," he told me.

One masterpiece was an illuminated fruit decoration which he did for a banquet for the Duke of Gloucester.

For this he picked some

beautiful pieces of fruit, scooped out all the pulp through a small hole, and arranged them in a big glass basket.

Each piece of fruit was illuminated by a bulb inside it. All the lights were attached to a long flex which Mr. Alderman ran down through the leaves of the table and across to a point on the wall.

"After the loyal toast had been given," he said, "the room was plunged into darkness and I turned on the lights in the basket. The fruit glowed in all its beautiful colors and the decoration was reflected in the glass-topped table.

"There were gasps of amazement from all sides. The Duke asked how it was done and I was presented to him. I just picked up an apple and showed him the light inside it without a word."

Mr. Alderman retired in 1945 to his seaside cottage. Now he works in his garden and is content with a quiet life.

His wife told me that she sometimes longs to go to Sydney more often, but he doesn't want to move.

The cottage has an idyllic setting. Hedges of pink geraniums slope down to a little river at the bottom of the garden. Mr. and Mrs. Alderman can catch fish for their dinner almost from their front doorstep.



ner almost from their front doorstep.

When he's tired of gardening, Mr. Alderman goes into his den and takes a step back into the past by looking through his albums of pictures, his letters from Royalty and famous men he has met in the course of his life.

On the walls of his den are autographed pictures of famous people.

"You would never think to see him now in his shirt-sleeves that he wore a dinner suit every night of his life until he retired," his wife said.

He must have been an imposing figure as a butler. He is well over six feet tall and has a giant frame.

"I'm an Alderman without a corporation now," he said. "But I used to have one."

Mr. Alderman came to Australia in 1909.

At that time he was working for the late Sir Harry Barron, who was appointed Governor of Tasmania.

An Englishman, Mr. Alderman ran away from home in 1900 at the age of 17 and joined the Royal Horse Artillery.

"My first big thrill was being on parade at Queen Victoria's funeral," he said.

Then he was drafted to a siege-gun battery to be sent to the South African War, but the battery was shipped off at Gibraltar and then went on to Malta.

He decided to stay on Malta and became servant to a young lieutenant.

He graduated from the lieutenant's service to looking after the commanding officer, and then to a position on the staff of the big combined mess at the Auberge de Castille in Malta.

"I was at the mess when King Edward VII visited the island," Mr. Alderman told me. "We had a big banquet for him and I decorated the tables. I got a lot of praise for my work."

Mr. Alderman's career as a butler began when he was appointed orderly to Sir Harry Barron, then Governor of Malta.

"The Governor was not allowed a military man as butler. That was why I was posted as orderly," he explained.

Mr. Alderman doesn't think any soldier before or since has held such a position. Few people in Malta knew he belonged to the Army. He was never called on for any parade.

"I had to take over the valeting of His Excellency besides my duties as butler," he

IN THE GARDEN of their home at Warri Beach, near Gerringong, N.S.W., Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Alderman relax in the sun with their cat, "Mum."

said. "This helped me considerably with my wardrobe, because Her Excellency often decided that certain things were no longer of use to His Excellency."

One evening a friend took him along to a small club.

A crowd of men—many heavily disguised military and naval officers—were playing baccarat.

That first night Mr. Alderman just watched while his friend lost £5. But a few nights later he began to play himself.

"When I crept back to my room at the Palace at about 4 a.m., I was £38 better off," he said.

### Lure of baccarat

AFTER that I could not go to bed without a few hours' play. Play started at 10 p.m. and finished at 5 a.m. The first week I won £140.

"But after a few months I found my bank balance was nil.

"During that period I certainly neglected my duties. I was losing weight and looking very sick, chiefly from want of sleep.

"One morning I arrived home at 5. It was useless to go to bed, so I waited to call His Excellency at 7.30.

"This was my first duty in the morning. I had to place a cup of tea on his bedside table, a can of hot water for his shave in the washbasin, turn on his bath, put out his clothes, and usually receive instructions for the day.

"This morning I placed the hot-water can on the bedside

table and the cup of tea in the washbasin and left the room. Then I realised what I had done and went back to change things over. But at the door I heard His Excellency stirring his tea.

"Later in the morning Her Excellency sent for me.

"She told me that they had noticed I hadn't been myself for a long time. They were soon going back to England and they hoped to take me with them.

"His Excellency insists that you take a holiday at once," she said.

"I had a good holiday, came back fully realising what a lucky escape I had had, and have never played baccarat since," Mr. Alderman said.

Mr. Alderman once told this story to Lord Gifford, then A.D.C. to the Governor of N.S.W. and now chairman and managing director of a travel agency in London.

"Lord Gifford told me later that one day during recess in the House of Lords he had told this anecdote of mine, and it was such a success that he was called on to repeat it many times," Mr. Alderman said.

While Mr. Alderman was butler on Malta, Winston Churchill, then Home Secretary, visited the island to inspect the fortifications before going on a big-game hunting expedition to Mombasa.

For many years Mr. Alderman kept a photograph of Mr. Churchill taken during this visit. Then, a few years ago, he sent it to him.

"He was very pleased to receive it," Mr. Alderman said. "He wrote that he had placed it in his Sunny Memories Album."



MR. ALDERMAN as a young man. He was valet and butler to the late Sir Harry Barron when he was Governor of Malta and later of Tasmania.

## Benefits for women in free insurance scheme

Women can now gain valuable benefits from the big Free Accident Insurance Scheme announced in the Sunday Telegraph on October 19 and the Daily Telegraph on October 20.

TO qualify for insurance benefits under this new scheme all you have to do is register to have the Daily Telegraph and Sunday Telegraph delivered to your home, or reserved, seven days a week.

This arrangement has been made by the Daily Telegraph and Sunday Telegraph with the Eagle

Star Insurance Co. Ltd., of Melbourne.

Regular readers of the Telegraph who register with the Eagle Star Insurance Co. become eligible to receive amounts ranging from £5 or £10 for a fractured bone up to £3000 for the death of a reader and her husband in a train accident.

The Free Insurance Scheme covers all registered readers against death or a fractured bone in any non-occupational accident.

This is an excellent protection against accidents for women in the home, shopping, or during leisure hours.

An important feature of the scheme is the provision for accidents to children of registered readers.

£5 may be paid to the registered reader if his or her child between six and 15 years of age fractures a bone in any accident.

A registration coupon is published in every issue of the Daily Telegraph and Sunday Telegraph.

Fill one in now and hand it to your newsagent.

You cannot afford to be out of this scheme, which costs you nothing.





**TWO GOLDEN GIRLS** in a pensive mood after rifling Mother's string bag. Judith (left) contemplates her thumb while Alison studies the problems of juggling the oranges. In the background is Phillip.



**GETTING HEP** the Quads' way, as demonstrated by Phillip and Alison.



**TROUBLE AHEAD** as Phillip makes a bold bid for Judith's plaything.

# Trip to England next year for Sara Quads

By MARGARET BINGHAM, staff reporter

**Early in June next year Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sara, their six-year-old son Geoffrey, and the famous Quads will leave their Bellingen home for a trip to London to visit Mrs. Sara's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Holmes.**

**W**HEN the Quads were born, The Australian Women's Weekly promised either to bring their English grandparents to Australia to see them or to provide the entire Sara family with a return trip to England as soon as the Quads' doctors permitted them to travel.

Mr. and Mrs. Holmes are both over 70 and could not make the long trip out here, so the alternative arrangement has now been made.

Percy and Betty Sara had known for some time that their visit to England would take place next year, but that didn't stop them from feeling the full impact of excitement when they were given a definite sailing date.

They weren't exactly walking on air, but the conversation in the Sara home was pretty well limited to just one subject—**THE TRIP.**

For Betty the trip means something very special. If it hadn't been for this opportunity, it is likely that she might not have been able to see her parents again.

Now she will not only be able to see them herself but also to show them her five Australian-born children.

"They will be so excited," Betty said, sounding just as excited herself. "Of course, they've known that we would be coming sometime soon, but now when I tell them the sailing date has been fixed, they'll be overjoyed."

"It's seven months off, but I know the time will just fly."

Since she left home seven years ago, Betty has never let a week go by without writing to her parents, keeping them right up to date with news of their grandchildren.

She has sent them regular batches of photographs of Geoffrey and the Quads and always passes on copies of The Australian Women's Weekly in which pictures and stories about the Quads appear.

The Quads are almost as famous in Chiswick, Betty's home suburb in London, as they are out here.

"People are always stopping my mother in the street to ask her how the babies are and when they are coming to England," Betty said.

Besides seeing her parents, Betty will also be reunited with her sister, Mrs. Gladys Deards, her brothers, Len and Frank Holmes, and half-brother, Jack Burns. They all live quite near her parents' home.

"They all have practically grown-up families," Betty said. "Geoffrey and the Quads are the youngest grandchildren."

Percy and Betty will arrive back in England just a week over eight

quest, they will make her parents home their base.

"We will all stay there," Betty told me. "My parents have only a small house, but I know mother would be terribly hurt if we didn't all go to her."

"I thought of letting Geoffrey stay with one of my brothers so that there would be more room, but I just can't see her agreeing to that."

They have made no plans yet as to what they will do in England, but as Betty says, the whole idea is to let the grandparents see as much of the Quads and Geoffrey as possible and everything else will take second place to that.

Percy told me, however, that he hopes to get hold of a car while he is there to take his family for a short tour in the country.

The Saras' passages have been booked for them in the P. & O. liner Strathmore, which is due to leave Sydney on June 5.

The ship will call at Melbourne, Adelaide, Fremantle, Colombo, Bombay, Aden, Port Said, Marseilles, and will dock in London on July 12.

Their return passage has been booked in the P. & O. liner Himalaya, which leaves London in September.

Special arrangements have been made with the shipping company so that the seven Saras will be conveniently and comfortably accommodated in the Strathmore.

Three first-class cabins with communicating doors, forming a large suite, have been provided.

The double-berth cabin allotted to Percy and Betty will open into another double-berth cabin, which will be specially furnished with four cots for the Quads.

This cabin in turn will lead into a single-berth cabin for Geoffrey.

I asked Betty how she felt about taking five children on such a long journey, but she had no fears.

"I don't think they will be any trouble," she told me. "The Quads will be nearly three years old by then and will be able to join in with all the other children, and Geoffrey will have the time of his life."

Betty is not the worrying type of mother. With one boisterous six-year-old and four five-year-olds, she can't afford to be.

She is determined to make the four months away from Bellingen a wonderful holiday for them all.

As I listened to Percy and Betty discussing the trip, the Quads played round us.

Phillip was immersed in his favorite indoor occupation of taking all the pots and pans out of his mother's kitchen cupboard. The varying degrees of noise he produces with this game seem to appeal to his musical ear.

That intrepid adventurer Mark Sara was playing at being Tarzan, climbing on chairs and leaping out into space at all angles, using no hands.

Judith was quite the little lady, sitting on her mother's lap sampling afternoon tea, while Alison was busy playing peekaboo with photographer Ron Berg, whom she adores.

## To stay with Betty's parents

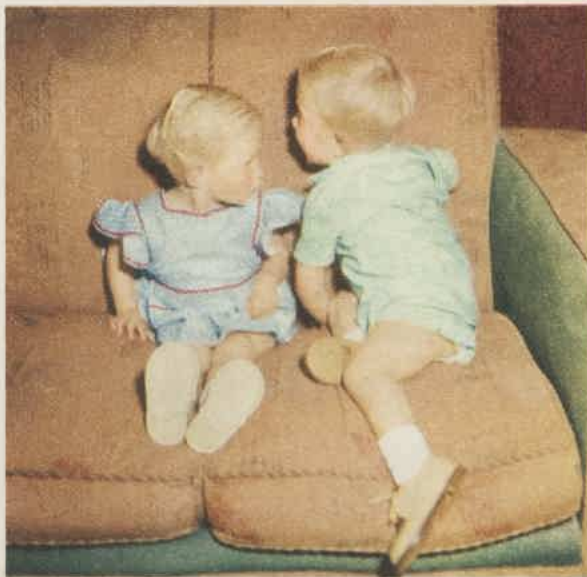
years after they were married. They will celebrate their wedding anniversary on board ship on July 4.

When Waaf Betty Holmes married R.A.A.F. tailgunner Percy Sara and left her home country to live in Australia, she little thought that she would return the famous mother of Australia's only quadruplets.

Her friends and relatives, however, will notice very little change in her. She still has her fresh English complexion, trim figure, and slight London accent, and certainly doesn't look eight years older and the mother of five sturdy children.

This trip is meant as a real holiday for the Saras. They are not going to be "organised" and will please themselves what they do and when they do it.

They will spend seven weeks altogether in England. At Betty's re-



**"THESE BOYS!"** No peace for Judith now that Mark is on the scene.





THE SARA QUARTET, with Alison (left) and Judith taking the bass and Phillip and Mark (right) managing the treble. Playing the piano is a special treat for the Quads, and Phillip, particularly, gets quite carried away by the "musical" effects he produces. He covers such a

wide range of notes that he often runs out of keyboard. Percy gave the piano to Betty to celebrate their seventh wedding anniversary in July. Six-year-old Geoffrey is learning to sing the songs his mother plays. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.



MISCHIEF GLEAMS in Alison's eyes as she gets ready to say "boo" to unsuspecting passers-by. Once she starts on this game she never wants to stop. Behind her, Phillip watches as his shoes are put on.



HIS FIRST OFFICIAL HAIRCUT takes two-year-old Mark into a man's world. He wasn't brave enough to sit in the barber's big chair by himself, so Father's knee came in handy. Bollingen barber Wilf Summerville wields the scissors. Brother Phillip graduated from his mother's haircuts to the barber's some time ago.





**SHOW OF ROSES.** Mrs. Nicholas Job (left) and Antonia Blackland admire a flower arrangement called "Cottage Composita" by Mrs. Bowen Bryant at the Show of Roses at David Jones' Art Gallery. The show was arranged by Antonia's mother, Mrs. Gregory Blackland, and Miss Barbara Knox.



**"ON BEHALF OF MY WIFE AND MYSELF."** John Boyd, of "Murrumbidgee" Young, at the reception at "Springfield," Goulburn, after his wedding at St. Saviour's Cathedral, Goulburn, to Diana Maple-Brown. With them are Dean King (left), Mr. Irwin Maple-Brown, Judith Allen, Richard Biddulph, Mrs. M. Campbell, Jim Davidson, Susan Maple-Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Maple-Brown, and Shirley Pye.



**CAULFIELD CUP.** Mrs. Ian Miller (left), Mrs. Tom Edwards, and Mrs. Patrick Hoppe were among smart punters at the Caulfield Cup meeting in Melbourne, forerunner to the Melbourne Cup on November 4. Mrs. Miller wore a cardinal-red and black striped suit and Mrs. Edwards was in black.

## Social Gittings

**L**OTS of Australians will be interested in the wedding of Lady Caroline Child-Villiers to handsome Scots Guardsman Viscount Melgund at St. James' Church, Spanish Place, London, on November 26.

Lady Caroline has just returned from a trousseau-shopping jaunt in Paris. She is the daughter of the Earl of Jersey and of Mrs. Robin Filmer Wilson, who was Patricia Richards, of Cootamundra.

Viscount Melgund is a grandson of the famous Viceroy of India, the Earl of Minto, and heir to a 25,000-acre estate.

Eighteen-year-old Lady Caroline was acclaimed the "first and prettiest debutante of 1952" at her sumptuous coming-out dance at the Spanish Embassy in Belgrave Square in June.

Viscount Melgund, who is a lieutenant in the Scots Guards, will leave Chelsea Barracks, where he is on duty, only a day or two before the wedding. Lady Caroline lives with her mother in Belgrave Square.



**SIGNING REGISTER.** John Robinson, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Robinson, of Double Bay, and his bride, formerly Pam Clemson, only daughter of Mr. M. Watt, of Coonabarabran, and the late Mrs. Watt, at St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay.



**FAMOUS VIOLINIST** Yehudi Menuhin (right) with his wife, Diana, their sons, Gerald (left) and Jeremy, on his mother's knee; and Yehudi's daughter, Zamira, and son, Krov, by his first marriage to Melbourne girl Nola Nicholas. They are pictured at their farm in Los Gatos, California, where Yehudi relaxes between concerts.

**A** HELICOPTER landed on the lawn in front of guests who were enjoying coffee in the garden after the luncheon given by Air Vice-Marshal J. P. McCauley and his wife at R.A.A.F. Headquarters, Penrith. First into the plane to try the controls was Mrs. David Roper, who, with her husband, Mr. Justice Roper, was among the 130 guests. Perfect sunshine prevailed, and after motoring up to Headquarters there was time before lunch to admire the superb rose garden, the swimming pool, and the wonderful view. The lunch was served by white-coated stewards, who carried an immense sucking-pig and carried laden platters out to guests sitting beneath an awning on the terrace. After the helicopter took off, a Canberra jet bomber shot past to show the comparison between its speed and that of the slower helicopter.



**WED IN LONDON.** Russell Chancellor, younger son of Mr. H. W. Chancellor, of Wahroonga, and his bride, formerly Jancy Zuidema, of Pretoria, South Africa, at Wesley Chapel, London.



**AT ST. MARK'S.** Bill Tanner, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Tanner, of "Strathallyn," Kootingal, and his bride, formerly Beth Middleton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Middleton, of Bellevue Hill.



**NEWCASTLE BALL.** Mrs. Tony Adler (left), Mrs. Edward Goss, Mrs. Sae Duval, and Mrs. Tony Adler at the Newcastle Matrons' Ball in Newcastle Town Hall, given by 30 hostesses. Three hundred guests attended from surrounding districts and Sydney.

**WELCOME-HOME** parties have come thick and fast for Mrs. Strath Playfair since her return from England via America. Latest host and hostess were Mr. and Mrs. Dick Hardy, who dispensed hospitality for 40 friends at their home at Woollahra. Tireless Mrs. Playfair is already planning a big Christmas reunion of the Playfair clan at her home. Her sister, Lady Kearns, and her husband, Sir Leo Kearns, who are at present holidaying in Canada, will spend a month in Australia in December.

**LAST-MINUTE** trousseau shopping and pre-wedding parties will be crowded into next week when Pam Humphries and her mother, Mrs. Ken Humphries, pay a brief visit to Sydney before Pam's wedding to Peter Macgrath at St. John's, Muswellbrook, on November 8. Peter is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Kerwin Macgrath, of Double Bay. Pam's bridesmaids will be Janet Davies, of Aberdeen, and Ann Johnson, of Goulburn.

**HOLIDAYING** in Sydney from Melbourne is Mrs. J. V. Duggan, who is staying with her sister, Mrs. Richard Fitzharding, at "Red Hill," Pennant Hills.

**FASHION NOTES** . . . Annette Dunlop's sulphur-yellow quilted taffeta skirt belted into a black cotton tailored shirt . . . Mrs. Michael Read's pewter-grey nylon frock with the new balloon sleeves, which were banded in cream guipure lace to match the deep lace yoke of the frock . . . the cap of bronze straw maple-leaves worn by Mrs. John Wilson . . . and the summery frock of white voile patterned in pale green and yellow flowers worn by Bubbles Fowler Smith, of Forster.

**GUMTREES**, billabong scenes, and aboriginal motifs transformed the Trocadero into a native Gynah for the Sydney Savoy Club's Ladies' Night Corroboree. The women are called "moon-eye lubras" on the one night a year they were admitted. At the official table were the president, Lindley Egan, and his wife; the Chief Savage, Ivan Rixon, and Mrs. Rixon; Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Ashton; and Mr. and Mrs. Branton Gable. Lindley Egan and fellow-savage Frank Hutchins contributed to the musical programme. Before the corroboree, Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Guiney gave a buffet dinner for 20 guests at the flat at the Astor, Macquarie Street.

**A CHERRY-RED** velvetier frock was worn by Joy Wilcox at a cocktail party given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Wilcox, at their home at Balgowlah to celebrate Joy's engagement to Colin Forbes Brown, of "Kooninga," Wagga. Colin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Forbes Brown, married to Sydney for the party. The couple will marry next Easter in Sydney.

**DATES** for your diary . . . the Horseshoe Ball at the Trocadero on November 4; Melbourne Cup Night, to aid the Spastic Centre . . . the Midsummer Night's Dream dance on November 21 at "Moonbar," the lovely seaside home of Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Buckingham, at Newport. Guests will be able to swim in the floodlit pool, decorated with floating frangipani leis, and dance on the terraces and lawns . . . The Albartross Fair at H.M.A.S. Albartross naval air station at Nowra on November 27.

Anne



Pretty girl, pretty dress . . .

# And Nowhere to Go

FICTION

ILLUSTRATED BY  
ROO THE G.Y.O.

**E**LIN ran down the side path to Dorothea's place, the red skirt of her sundress swirling around her bare, brown legs. She liked her skirts to be long and full. They were more . . . womanly.

Dorothea's mother was in the back garden raking the cut grass, and she was wearing an old floppy hat. She waved the rake at Elin in a genial greeting.

Elin said rather breathlessly: "Good morning, Mrs. Deane, is Dorothea—?"

"In the house, Elin!"

Dorothea was sitting on the bed painting her toenails. She turned around at Elin's approach and Elin paused, with some drama, in the doorway. "He's here!"

Dorothea's expressive face was all attention, the lacquer brush poised in mid-air.

Elin continued across the room. "He just got in. He rang from the airport!" She sat on the edge of her friend's bed, automatically rescuing the polish bottle.

"How long is he here for?" Dorothea wanted to know.

"Three days. He flew a plane in from Honolulu this time for repairs or something and he thinks he'll be taking it back on Monday or Tuesday."

"When are you seeing him, then?"

"To-day. I'm going to meet him for lunch and afterwards we're going to walk in the park."

"The park!" Dorothea raised astounded eyebrows. "That's a bit corny, isn't it? Wouldn't you rather go to the pictures or something?"

"Oh, no, you see, Clive said—" It was on the tip of her tongue to tell Dorothea what Clive had said in the letter, but she bit it back. Dorothea was awfully interested in Clive, but she mightn't understand. After all, Dorothea had never been out with a real man, only the kids. This sort of thing was different. Besides, it was kind of a secret. She felt again that sharp little thrill she had known when she read that bit in his letter.

" . . . and next time can we go somewhere and really talk? Somewhere nice and quiet with grass, perhaps? And trees. Somehow I have a yen to walk hand-in-hand through trees with you."

"You're rather like a tree-nymph, you know. A nymph, isn't it? With all that soft, fair hair. Do I seem very foolish to you, dear little thing? But, of course, they say there is no fool like an old fool, and perhaps you are laughing. I will risk it, however, and tell you what else I would like to do when we have this day out together. When we are tired of drifting through the trees I would like us to sit on a grassy bank and and I would put my head in your lap and look up into those soft eyes which are so like clear, little pools, and tell you all the things I dare not put down here. Can we do that some day, do you think?"

"What?" Dorothea was probing. "What did Clive say?"

"Oh, in one of his letters he said—oh, but he liked the open air, walking, and that—he wouldn't want to be shut up in the stuffy pictures."

But Dorothea had been sidetracked. "He wrote the last letter from India, didn't he?"

"M'mm."

"It must be marvellous to fly around the world all the time like that."

"Yes, but—" Elin spoke reluctantly, but could not resist displaying her intimate knowledge. "Clive says it gets very lonely, always flying someone else home, never going home yourself. The empty hours hanging around in strange cities between flights. They hang heavy on his hands."

"Anyway," Dorothea got up from the bed and went across to her mirror, running her fingers through the boyish cut of her thick, dark hair. "I wish I could get someone romantic like an airline pilot to fall for me! Why couldn't it happen to me?"

"It could just as easily have been you," Elin said seriously, going to stand with Dorothea at the mirror, and they stood there, side by side, unself-consciously appraising each other's reflection. Dorothea

so dark, with her peaked eyebrows and bright, cheeky mouth. Elin dreamy-eyed, with fair hair. "You were there, too!"

Someone had brought him to the dance. They had seen him sitting at a table with another man his own age, and Dorothea, who always picked out anyone unusual, said at once, "Who's that?" but Elin had taken no particular notice of him, except to remark later, when dance after dance went by and he still hadn't asked anyone, that it was funny coming to a dance if you weren't going to!

The night must have been halfway through before that magical moment when she looked up to see him there before her, and suddenly found herself standing in the circle of his arm.

He had laughed as he steered her away around the floor (she remembered seeing Dorothea's quick, bright look over someone else's shoulder as they went past). He said, "You should not always be quite so willing, you know!"

She had blushed with mortification and was quite unable to check the ridiculous tears that sprang to her eyes, although she continued to look steadily at him, and he was instantly contrite. "Oh, look here, I didn't mean that. I'm very sorry. You thought I was someone else, didn't you?"

Someone who had booked you up. You were dreaming, I know.

"No," Elin said quite honestly. "No, it wasn't that. You see, I noticed you there before and thought you weren't going to dance at all. I got such a shock then—"

He laughed again, pleased, and the arm about her waist pulled her a little closer. "I had no intention of dancing. I wasn't going to stay, really, and then I saw you!"

He said it quite casually, smiling pleasantly down into her eyes, but her heart gave a painful leap. No one had ever said anything like that to her, so deliberately, before!

Clive didn't dance with anyone else that night, although Elin was obliged to keep the dances she had previously promised, and Dorothea, when they met in the powder room, grumbled at Clive's partiality. "I wish he'd dance with me. I love these fascinating rugged types! What's he like? Who is he? What's he doing here?"

"Heavens!" Elin protested. "I've only danced with him! I just know he's awfully nice."

"A bit old, though!"

At once she denied it. "He's not! He can't be more than thirty. He was at school with Harvey Maine's big brother. The Maines brought him. He was with Alan Maine in the Air Force, too."

Please turn to page 12

"You know, I didn't intend to dance until I saw you," he said to Elin, smiling down at her.







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### Australian Lotteries

Lotteries of the kind now run in Australia have a long family tree. The first English lottery recorded was one in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I (Good Queen Bess). An illustrated report on this first of all English lotteries is supplementary to a survey of current Australian lotteries published in the November issue of A.M. Make sure of your copy of the November A.M. today.

### ASTHMA CURBED 1st DAY

Don't let coughing, wheezing attacks of Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health, and weaken your heart. Mendenaco, a new American scientific medicine, starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly purging the attacks. The very first day the thick phlegm is dissolved, freeing easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mendenaco from your chemist or store to-day under positive guarantee to stop your Asthma coughing and to give you free, easy breathing the first day or money back.

## And Nowhere To Go

**D**OROTHEA calculated. "Alan Maine's thirty-one. I know." "Well, thirty-one's not old!" "It's a lot older than us," Dorothea said cheerfully, putting on more lipstick. "Too old, our mothers would say. But then you always did go for the Older Man."

"Oh, don't be silly," Elin had run the comb quickly and impatiently through her hair. "I'm only dancing with him!"

"Ha!" Dorothea said, darkly. "But you've got a look!"

When they had come to parting after the last dance, Clive held her hand. "I'm afraid we have to say good-bye here. I must go back with the Maines."

Her heart dropped. "Good-bye?" she was saying dully, but he had gone on. "Look," he squeezed her fingers. "I'd love to see you again, but I have to go away to-morrow."

He went on to tell her of his work, the long flights, the uncertainty of his movements. "Would I be allowed to write to you?"

"Of course!" She pulled her hand away. She hated it when he spoke like that, as if she were terribly young.

"Will you write back?" he asked, scribbling down her address. "You will? Bless you! Well—" he stood, waiting for her to leave him, smiling because she still stood there. "Good-bye!"

Elin began to move away, and he spoke after her, softly, loud enough for only her ears. "Don't fly away, will you, little white moth?"

She looked back at him reluctantly, smiling. "You're the one with wings!"

There were five letters now in Elin's left-hand drawer hidden under her nightdresses. They were hidden for two reasons. The first because she wanted to keep them—they were unlike any letters she had ever received before—and the second because she had not told her mother about him. She could not have said why. She usually told her mother about boys. But up to date there had been no necessity; she was always first down for the mail, so she had just let it go.

Dorothea said now. "What did your mother say when he rang?"

"Nothing. She'd think it was one of the kids. I'll tell her I'm meeting Betty or someone when I go to town."

"What will you wear?"

"That's what I came over for, really. I'm going to wear my black suit. Will you lend me your shoulder-bag?"

"What's wrong with your own black bag?"

"Nothing, only it's too dressy. You see, I thought—" Elin sat down on the bed again and clasped her knees. Dorothea leaned over the bed-rail looking at her, and over their two young faces crept the absorption of devotees. "I thought I'd wear my black, because we're lunching at the Grosvenor, and you know you've got to dress for the Grosvenor, haven't you? I mean hat and everything..."

Dorothea nodded.

"Well, I've got my little velvet hat with the feather. It's pretty, but not too..."

Dorothea nodded again.

"...and I'll wear my plain white blouse with the

Continued from page 11

little collar and my gabardine coats. That'll be dressed up enough, don't you think?"

"M-m-m-m."

"Yes, but then afterwards, when we're in the park, I want to look right there, too, and I thought I could take off my hat and carry it, and if you'd lend me your shoulder-bag it would all look more... you know... casual, as we walked..." Her voice trailed off and she looked questioningly at Dorothea as Dorothea began to laugh.

"You've got it all worked out! Of course you can have the bag. Here—" she pulled open a cupboard door. "There you are!"

"Thanks awfully. Then," Elin stroked the glossy leather. "It's lovely. I wish I'd got one now."

"You thought the others were 'more feminine,'" Dorothea teased. "Listen! Would you like that white carnation?"

She made a dart at her dressing-table. Elin said hastily, "No, thanks! I thought I'd buy a real gardenia, just one, you know, pure white... Listen! Would you wear pearls if you were me?"

Dorothea shook her head decidedly.

"Not No, I didn't think so myself... Just the gardenia..." Elin got up and meandered towards the door, the bag trailing from one hand. She looked back at Dorothea, who had returned to her nail polish.

**E**LIN suddenly wanted to tell Dorothea all about the letters, about the way they made her feel, to ask Dorothea's advice. Dorothea was so practical, so shrewd.

Now, as she was about to depart, Elin felt as though she might have been going out never to return, as though, leaving this room where she and Dorothea had spent so many long, idle hours lying on the bed gossiping of boys and clothes and parties, confiding hopes and dreams, she was leaving some part of herself behind for ever. She would no longer belong here with Dorothea, who was so whole and untouched by any of these new, alarming feelings.

It was all rather lonely. For a moment she even wished that Dorothea was coming with her, that they were just going into town together to the pictures.

"Well, I'd better go and wash my hair."

"Don't forget to come and tell me how you got on?"

"No, I won't." Elin went out down the steps and through the garden. Mrs. Deane was now vaguely wedding the border.

"Find her, Elin?"

"Yes, thank you, Mrs. Deane." She looked down on Mrs. Deane's comfortable, striped figure. Did mothers know about love affairs? But, of course, they must...

They'd been young once... but, somehow, with your mother you just couldn't...

She had tried not to be early, but of course she was, although she got off the tram a block too soon.

Please turn to page 13

## Nurse says they're good



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FOR a few seconds she felt almost sick as she walked slowly past the shop windows towards the rendezvous. I can look as though I've just come, she told herself. You look just the same after two minutes as after ten.

But the minutes ticked on, up to and past the appointed hour. Ten minutes late! Each minute was interminable.

Quarter of an hour! Elin was in an agony of indecision. If she went on waiting, wouldn't it make her look too "willing," as he once had said? But if she went away the whole day would be spoilt just for the sake of pride and perhaps two minutes.

Then a taxi slid up beside the kerb and Clive was in it. Oh, there he was! She wanted to rush over to him, but made herself stand primly still, even to look interestedly into the distance, as if she had not noticed him. Then she realised he had not left the cab but was holding the door open with some impatience.

She hurried over. "Oh—hello—"

Clive touched his hat. "Will you hop in? He can't park here."

Elin bundled into the taxi and Clive followed, slamming the door shut. The taxi nosed its way back into the traffic.

She had imagined they would stand a wonderful moment looking at each other when they met, and he would have taken her hand and held it—

Clive relaxed and turned to look at her. He smiled, that heart-quickenning smile. "You're looking very well."

Elin suddenly remembered herself in the black suit, the dear little velvet hat, the crisp, white gardenia, and was instantly terribly happy. "Thank you," she said, shyly. "How are you?"

"Good. But look, I must apologise for being late. I got held up just as I was leaving. The boss sent for me. He had an urgent job for me, to fly a crate back to Singapore to-night."

"Oh!" Elin looked at him with dismay. "Does that mean—?"

Clive nodded. "Yes. It means I won't be around again for a while. I'm afraid it means I can't take you to lunch, either."

"Oh!" She prayed her face might not show her cruel disappointment and turned away to the window, noticing then that the taxi was heading out of the city. "But where are we—?"

Clive's large, warm hand closed over hers. "Did you think I was abducting you?" he laughed. "I thought you might like to ride back with me to the airport, seeing I brought you into town for nothing. I tried to save you that, by the way. I rang, but they said you'd left."

"They?" Elin looked at him in frank consternation.

## And Nowhere To Go

Continued from page 12

"Your mother, I presume," he said dryly. "You know I wouldn't be surprised if you got into a spot of hot water there. She didn't sound too pleased. You didn't warn me I was a guilty secret. I'm afraid I came off second best."

Elin felt submerged with shame. To think she had put him, a real man, so grown-up and everything, into such an ignominious position.

She looked down at her hands in their fresh, white gloves. "I'm so sorry! I didn't happen to mention it."

"I suppose it was my own fault," he said. "I must confess I didn't realise you were such a young little lady. You must forgive me."

Forgive him! She looked up with stricken eyes.

He laughed. "It doesn't matter. Our paths will probably not cross again for some time, say, five years. Never mind, it will appease thy parent!"

She wanted to do something desperate. To scream, or to hit at him, anything that might shake him out of being a polite, well-tailored businessman into the uniformed, dashing pilot flying his lonely skies, dreaming of her, the lover who had sat in dreary foreign hotels writing all those exciting words.

BUT, of course, there was the taxi-driver. She could not even cry out the wild things she felt forming in her mind. She could only look at him, completely baffled and frustrated. She could not tell whether his flippancy was deliberate, to let her down gently, or whether he, too, was unhappy.

She sat like a well-behaved, tongue-tied child, stiffly beside him, and the taxi flew smoothly along, eating up the short miles to their destination. The precious time was getting shorter and shorter.

Clive was looking out the window, tunelessly whistling. He still held her hand, absently playing with her fingers. Then suddenly he pulled off her glove and lifted her bare fingers to his mouth, kissing them slowly one by one.

She looked at his dark head bent over her hand, seeing all at once with a quick yearning the line of his brow and nose, the strength in his neck. Of their own accord, it seemed, her fingers curled up to touch his face, and he put his mouth to the palm of her hand.

He looked up at her, his eyes very bright. He said tightly, "You're a warm little thing, aren't you? It's just as well I'm going, you know!"

She shook her head childishly. "No! No, it's not!"

He let go her hand and sat back.

Elin felt him withdrawn

from her, as if he might have regretted the little he had let go of himself, but there was no time left to reach him again. The taxi was pulling into the airport driveway. It was all over.

Clive crushed something into her hand as he got out. "What's that for?" Elin asked stupidly.

"I owe you for one lunch and one gardenia. Please! I should have thought of that myself. You wore it for me, didn't you?"

Elin nodded.

The taxi-driver was waiting on the pavement. She saw Clive hand him a note, too. "Take the lady anywhere she wants to go," Clive said.

He came back to the window. "You'll be all right? Well—goodbye!"

"Goodbye!" she echoed mechanically.

He lifted his hat beautifully. She put up her gloved hand to acknowledge it. The taxi swung around in the roadway. When Elin looked back through the rear window Clive was already walking briskly away towards the offices.

"Where to, Miss?" the driver said over his shoulder.

She gave him her home address. After all, she thought, he's been well paid; he may as well take me home, and it occurred to her that Clive might have considered he was buying himself off cheaply for the price of a taxi and one gardenia!

Elin looked down at the flower—that brave finishing touch to the toilette she had planned with such care, and something like resentment rose in her throat. Here she was, all dressed for the role, but there was no part to play!

On an impulse she leaned forward. "Driver! Drop me off at the park instead, will you?"

The sun was brilliant as she got out of the taxi. Elin stood and looked up into the sky.

High up a plane was wheeling, a silver speck in the blue. Clive! she thought, with a sudden little ache. She shut her eyes tight for a second, remembering that moment in the car. She knew now why she had not told her mother about him.

She went forward across the grass. It was springy under her feet and the sun was wonderful. Despite herself, she felt her spirits begin to rise.

At least, she thought, it was a mature.

The long, shaded avenue stretched before her. It would be like . . . like a pilgrimage to Love. She lifted her chin gallantly.

She took off her hat and the breeze pressed her hair back from her brow. Then, the shoulder-bag swinging jauntily, she began to walk up through the trees.

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## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



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WAITING ROOM

WAITING ROOM

WAITING ROOM

SHERRY

SHERRY

SHERRY

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# Luncheon for

# HAMISH

A short short story  
By **NANCY BRUCE**

It is a funny thing about Fate. To some she is a kindly old dame, benign and smiling, and to some she is an ogre, likewise smiling, for a certain amount of mischief. Myself, I fit at the moment into the latter category, and for several reasons. Two of the reasons are a jaw which aches as though it had recently met up with the business end of a sledge-hammer, and a bruise. A large, black bruise, just above the left eye.

If you knew the story you would say it was my own fault, which is something I know very well, but which doesn't help the ache in my jaw or fade the bruise at all.

There I am, strolling along with all the day before me and drinking in the morning sun. It is the only thing I can afford to drink at that moment, but even this doesn't make me feel too bad. It is one of those days when the trees are just a little bit greener, the sky is somewhat more of a blue than usual, and the birds are doing their best to put Lanza out of business.

Half-way along the block I pause and consider. Shall I go into the park and sit on the seat near the fountain or shall I stroll along to Tony's? I have just enough left in my pocket to decide with, so I toss it up and it comes down that I go and sit in the park. Well, I will go to Tony's later, and, anyway, it is still a little early for lunch.

So I go into the park. And there, sitting on one end of my seat, is the bluest—well, the most beautiful girl in the world. She has all the green ladies knocked into a solid hat, and, what's more, she looks as though she doesn't even know she is beautiful. I make up my mind instantly that this will be my day for a very cautious approach, and I take a seat on the rim of the fountain and stare at

the stone boy in the centre as though I have never seen him before.

There are some children playing on the grass behind the flower-beds, and the steel rods of the swings squeak as they fly up and down. The seesaws go bump as the kids bounce them down on the ground, and all the time the birds go on singing fit to burst up in the trees.

An elderly lady with a shock of wild grey hair is painting near the fountain, and outside in the street the cars rush up and down. But I sit there still as the stone boy and look at the girl whenever she can't see that I'm looking. Which is most of the time.

And after a while the awful truth is borne in upon me that even supposing I make my approach and do not get knocked back, it is not going to do me any good. I cannot ask her to lunch on the amount of capital that is inhabiting my pocket at the moment.

It won't be very long before she will be moving off somewhere, unless she does not eat during the day. Most likely she is only waiting to keep a luncheon appointment, and at any moment a large black limousine will slide down to the park gates and she will stroll out to it and be whisked away.

But the midday whistles are soon only echoes of half-an-hour ago and no limousine slides down. She is not whisked away. And after a while I discover that lying beside her on the grass is a small black dog. He is the type they call a Scottie, and he lies on the grass under the seat and keeps an eye on things.

Well, maybe she had an early lunch and brought the dog out for a walk. I forget the hardness of the fountain rim underneath me and brighten up considerably.

The elderly lady has folded up her easel and the children have

gone to lunch. The sparrows become so used to me that they think I am a new statue on the fountain and squabble round in the gravel beside my feet. It is very quiet. All the world is having lunch, and there is a certain hollowness inside me.

Then at last the girl lifts her wrist and looks at her watch, and, while I try not to miss anything without appearing to look, she stands up and shakes the blue leather lead that has been dangling all the time beside her elegant skirt. Her voice, when she uses it, is like a bell, and the sound of it makes my knees go weak.

"Come along, Hamish!" she says, and the dog hops up and trots along beside her.

I wish that my name were Hamish, and wait until she is well out in the street before I move.

By now there is a stream of high school boys beginning to flow along past the park on their way back to the school round the corner and I am able to follow the girl without being conspicuous. She walks quickly and gracefully, and I am jealous of the heads that turn as she passes.

We proceed like this for some little way along the street, the girl, Hamish, the high school boys, and me. And then she reaches the corner and steps off between the white lines of the crossing, and the boys go round the corner, and I am left there feeling as big as a mountain and hoping that she will not turn her head and see me.

But she doesn't turn. She steps out as though she knows where she is bound for, and before long there she has reached Tony's place and is on the kerb and waiting for Hamish.

And before I know where I am she has reached Tony's place and is turning in at the door. Oh, gosh, I think, she is going to meet some

lucky guy and he is going to stand her one of Tony's best lunches.

And I nearly turn back as the weight of disappointment falls on the back of my collar and tries to choke me. But at last I go in, and although the place is fairly full I see her at once. She has gone to the corner table near the palm, and Hamish is settling himself down at her feet.

Now in some of these places Hamish would be out on the mat, but Tony is a man with a large heart, and, anyway, this girl would melt any sort of man, and Hamish sits down as though he is sure of his ground. I ease myself in not too far away—in fact, as near as I can be without sitting right at her table—and order myself a cup of coffee and a small allowance of sandwiches.

There is a movement through the place as people look at their watches and get up from the tables, and before long a lot of them have gone. The twelve-to-one people are moving back to work, the one-o'clockers are not yet out.

The man across the way carefully places the pepperpot over the spot of tomato sauce he has spilled on the tablecloth and hurries away, and at a table on the other side of the girl I see another man clicking his tongue as he looks at his watch and shoving back his chair. He takes his hat and goes out, and I am fascinated by the beautiful lamb chop which he has left on his plate.

Someone else is fascinated also, and I realise that the girl is gazing at the chop as though she has never seen one before. Then I realise something else, and that is that Hamish is sitting up beside her with his paw on her knee, and unless I am much mistaken he is begging in the most polite way for his lunch.

I can also hear her thinking. It is a dreadful thing to do, of course,

but he is hungry and it will only be thrown away. It will only go sliding into the garbage-tin, and Hamish does love a chop.

Her fingers drum on the table, and I see her glance round very quickly, as though counting the heads still left in the restaurant. She seems to measure the distance between her table and the empty one with the chop sitting on the plate, and then her shoulders droop just the smallest bit and she looks down at Hamish and shakes her head.

She has decided against it. It would hardly be the thing. Poor Hamish gives her another anxious little dig with his small black paw and I see her eyes as she looks down at him.

Poor Hamish. I cannot stand it any longer. Perhaps the way my own mouth is watering has something to do with it; perhaps in some previous incarnation I was a little black Scottie who was once denied a lamb chop. But, whatever it is, I get up and slip across to the empty table and with a quick flip of the wrist I remove the chop and present it to Hamish.

He falls joyously upon it and is lost to the world about him, and the girl looks up at me with her eyes alight and a smile that I have only dreamed about. She is even more beautiful than I have imagined, and that is saying a good deal.

And just as I open my lips to follow up the advantage that Hamish and the chop have given me, the swing doors open with a swish and a man comes hurrying in.

He is a large man, and not a little beefy, and when he reaches our corner of the restaurant his face is not so pleasant. He is the man from the table with the chop and he has just returned from making a telephone call.

As I said, I have a bruise.  
(Copyright)



So finally off she goes with the little black Scottie trotting along happily at her heels.





BY FLORENCE JANE SOMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDSTROM

AND the disgraceful part of it is," Harriet said, "that Caroline took him back, just as if nothing had happened."

Edna squinted a little as she threaded her needle against the light. "You'd think she'd have more pride," she said. "You'd think any woman would. After all, if a man is going to make a fool of himself over another woman, he certainly ought to suffer for it afterwards." She looked around her for confirmation, her eyes very clear and earnest.

The four women were relaxed in their chairs, their heads bent over their needlework. They all lived quite near, and met once a month, taking turns as hosts.

"You're right," Ray said, frowning. "Honestly, it makes me sick when I think what some women will take from a man. No wonder men think that the world revolves round them." She rose and went into her kitchen.

"Well . . ." Louise was looking around her rather apologetically. "They are important; you can't deny that."

"Nobody's denying they're important," Edna said. She bent over the dish of sweets on the coffee-table and selected a large chocolate cream. "Of course they're important. But there are other things that are even more important in this world—a person's pride, for instance."

The chocolate melted deliciously on her tongue, but there was a tightness round her waist, and she surreptitiously unhooked the side fastening of her skirt.

"After all," she said, relieved, "when you give your best years and all your devotion to a man and he's willing to throw it all up for a pretty face—well . . ."

She sat back and gazed around her. She was a sweet-faced rather than a pretty young woman, and there was an agreeable symmetry about her features; her expression had an appealing quality of artlessness and childish innocence. "You wouldn't catch me taking him back. I have my pride." She leaned forward and picked up another chocolate.

But as she bit into it, she grinned. "I'm trying to picture Arthur having an affair with another woman," she said. "I can just about imagine the passionate little speeches he would whisper into her ear—they would

probably all sound like excerpts from one of his law books."

As she giggled now, a gentle warmth was reflected in her eyes and the humorous curve of her soft mouth; it was difficult to imagine her angry about anything.

"Just the same," Harriet said, "you can never tell about those quiet, unromantic ones. They're just the type to watch." But her eyes were teasing.

Edna chose another chocolate and pushed the plate towards Louise. "Don't you want one?"

Louise shook her head. "I'm on a diet. I want to lose three pounds." "Oh, diets!" Edna said. "What's a little weight here or there? I gave up trying to look spiritual years ago." She smiled, yet she found her eyes darting to Louise's slender figure and fresh face.

She doesn't look her age, she thought. But, then, Louise was one of those women who spent a great deal of time and effort on her appearance. Perhaps it was because her husband was a socially inclined man, tall and handsome, who looked as if he were in his mid-twenties instead of his mid-thirties. You had to work to keep up with a man like that.

Edna leaned back comfortably. It might be exciting to be married to such a man, but it could be very wearing, too. She herself would choose a man like Arthur any time. You knew where you were with Arthur. He was good-natured and easy-going in his ways; he made few demands on her; they rarely quarrelled.

And if the years they shared had begun to move in a rather slow and measured way—well, what of that? No sensible person could expect glamor and excitement after twelve years of marriage—such things wore out with your trousseau.

"Girls!" Ray stood at the doorway. "Come and have some tea."

They rose in a little flurry and began to move into the other room, exclaiming as they always did when they saw the table with its tempting array of tea, sandwiches, and cakes.

Edna gave the zip-fastener of her skirt another easing tug. I must have my clothes let out a little, she thought. But the idea of gaining weight did not alarm her and she

was smiling as she sat down at the table among the chattering women.

They had been married only a few months before a mental blueprint of her husband had formed in Edna's mind. Upon it, the depths of his love, the span of his patience and good humor, and the danger-points in his nature were all carefully marked and measured.

"I know Arthur like a book," she was apt to say to her friends and family, and in her eyes was that age-old pride that all women share as they indulgently, tolerantly consider the foolish and rather endearing weaknesses of the man they love.

Some of the expression was in Edna's eyes this morning as she cracked eggs into a bowl and turned up the gas under the kettle. Arthur was invariably late in leaving for the office, and everything had to be ready and cooling on the table before he rushed in.

If little things stood in his way, threatening to delay him further—if he could not find something or his tie would not knot in the right way—he was apt to become excited; he might even start to shout for no reason at all.

The doorbell rang while she was cutting bread for toast, and she answered it, murmuring a good morning to the dry-cleaner's messenger who stood on the doorstep.

"Your grey suit's come back, Arthur," she called upstairs. "Do you want anything else pressed?"

"Give him my blue suit," Arthur called out. "And ask if he can have it ready so that you can pick it up this afternoon."

Edna ran upstairs, found the blue suit, and gave it to the boy. But, a few minutes later, Arthur appeared in the doorway, his eyes dark and disturbed over the white lather on his face.

"Did you take anything out of the pockets?" he said. He stood motionless, as if a great deal depended upon her answer.

"The pockets?" Edna stared at him blankly. "Why, no, I didn't look in the pockets. You never—"

"I had some very important papers in the pockets," he said. She could see a little vein distended in his forehead; he seemed very distraught. And then the rigidity left his body

and he made a little gesture with his hands as if it didn't matter too much, after all. "Oh, well," he murmured.

Throughout breakfast he was even more preoccupied than usual, and when he was ready to leave he hesitated at the doorway, his briefcase under his arm.

"Never mind about picking up that suit," he said. His face was turned away from her. "I'll get it on my way home."

"But it's out of your way," Edna protested. "I can—"

His head jerked round. "I'll pick it up, I tell you."

"Arthur," she said, "you're positively grim this morning. What's the matter?"

The tightness in his face relaxed and he looked sheepish as he bent over to peck her on the cheek. "I'm sorry," he said. "But don't you bother about that suit. I'll get it."

After the door had closed behind him, Edna stood motionless, her fingers fumbling with the collar of her faded housecoat. The dry-cleaner's shop was half a mile out of his way, he had never picked up a suit before. She could not understand it. And it was all so illogical, really—she could have the suit home safely long before him.

LATE that morning she walked a short distance in the other direction after her shopping was completed. If the papers were really important, she thought, I'd better pick them up, no matter what Arthur says—they might get lost.

She explained to the girl in the shop that she had left some papers in the pocket. The suit was still on a rack, and Edna found the small packet of papers in the inside pocket of the jacket and left the shop.

After she had been home for a while, she took the papers from her handbag and was about to put them in the top drawer of Arthur's desk when she noticed that the top leaf was nothing more than an advertising circular.

She stood still in vexation. If this were what he had made such a fuss over! If this were what he called important! And she had gone out of her way, too.

In some irritation, she thumbed

through the remaining papers. An old calendar, a notice of a concert, and a letter. The letter was written on mauve-colored notepaper, monogrammed with the initials S.R.M., and the spidery handwriting was that of a woman. Edna automatically unfolded it and read it.

Darling, darling:

I count each breath I draw, each hour until we are together again. Come at three; I cannot see you before. We will have only an hour this time.

I live for your notes. I love you, love you. Serna.

Well, thought Edna, as she stared down at the words, where in the world did he get hold of this? She stood still, holding the letter in her hands, and gradually her face took on a queer look.

But it couldn't be, she thought—it couldn't have been written to her. It was some sort of practical joke, of course.

With the slow, dazed motions of a somnambulist, she walked to a chair and sat down heavily. The enormity of her suspicion was too great for her to accept at once. Arthur! Arthur and another woman! It was fantastic. He was so quiet, so dependable.

And yet—he had behaved very strangely this morning; he had been deeply disturbed about something. He had wanted to pick up the suit himself so that she would not find the letter.

The memory of what Harriet had said yesterday afternoon flashed into her mind: "You never know; you can't tell about those quiet, unromantic ones. They're just the type to watch."

Edna sat very still. She looked at that moment like a lost and badly frightened child.

And still she could not believe it; white could not change to black before your eyes; neither could Arthur change so suddenly.

But now she began to tremble. How did she know that the change had been sudden? What did she know, really, about what went on in Arthur's mind?

Now that she looked back upon



# WOMAN



*Her book forgotten, Edna looked at her husband as if she were seeing him for the first time.*

...he could not remember when he had last displayed any real affection towards her. She had been blind to the change in him over the years; she had ignored all the danger signals that had been pointing in the direction.

For a long time she sat where she was, a hundred terrifying scenes flashing through her mind as she stared at the pattern of the wallpaper. Gradually, she knew a mounting rage. That Arthur should be unfaithful; that he was capable of doing a thing like this! It was monstrous.

She wanted to confront him with accusing eyes, waving the letter triumphantly under his nose. A hundred speeches took fire in her mind and were hurled at him in rage and contempt.

And she knew, suddenly, that she would utter none of them. It was a luxury she could not afford if she wanted to keep him. And she had wanted to keep him; she loved him. He was her entire world.

She knew that if Arthur were having an affair with another woman, it was not a passing fancy. He was too serious a man for that, a man who did not believe in risks. If he were gambling his position, his marriage, his entire way of life on this unknown woman, it was because he was deeply in love with her and infatuated to such a point that he could no longer help himself.

Edna rose slowly and picked up the circular, the calendar, the concert bill, and the letter. She arranged them carefully as they had been and put them in her handbag. Then she put on her hat and coat. She had no recollection afterwards of her walk to the dry-cleaning shop. Fortunately another girl was in the shop this time, and she listened indifferently as Edna mur-

mured some explanation and replaced the papers in the inside pocket of the blue suit.

When she arrived back home again she searched every inch of Arthur's wardrobe and drawers. She was a woman who had always prided herself on her high sense of ethics, but all that was forgotten now. She examined the pockets of his clothing; she looked for the secret places, the little boxes and cases where something might be hidden; she ransacked the desk where he kept all his private papers.

She found nothing. But, then, she had not expected to; only a fool would hide anything so incriminating about the house, and Arthur was not a fool.

At ten minutes past three she telephoned his office, a ready excuse on her lips.

She knew that she was behaving foolishly; the note might have been written days ago, weeks ago. But her jealousy and her fear had begun to eat into her like a cancer. Perhaps if she spoke to him, some

magic word would be uttered which would explain the letter, and everything would be as it had been before.

Edna put down the receiver slowly. Was he with this other woman now—at this very moment?

She stared unseeing at the wall, a little muscle twitching in her round cheek. Never in her life had she known so sharp a terror.

The appetising odor of the cooking dinner permeated the house. Over her dress, Edna wore a frilly organdie apron which had been lying in a drawer for years; her hair was arranged with care; she had taken a long time to apply cosmetics. And as she moved about the kitchen some of her fear evaporated and she told herself that she was behaving like a fool.

Arthur was Arthur; it was incredible to believe that he loved another woman. The letter, the fact that he could not be reached that after-

noon—what did it add up to, really? Why, the whole incident of her finding a love letter in her husband's pocket was like something from an old-fashioned melodrama; such things rarely happened in real life.

Perhaps it had been written by an old sweetheart of Arthur's, someone he had known before he was married. Perhaps he had found it and was ashamed to let her discover it. That would explain its "importance."

But when she heard the sound of his key turning in the lock her heart contracted and she stood motionless, watching him come into the hall. The suit was over his arm and it seemed to her that he looked different, that his face was flushed and younger looking and that his shoulders were set in a new way.

He did not meet her eyes when he greeted her; he turned almost at once and went upstairs.

It's true, Edna thought. She could

taste her fear, dry and metallic, on her tongue. With an immense effort she followed him to the bedroom.

When he hung his blue suit in the wardrobe her fingers stole to the inside pocket of the jacket.

The papers were already gone. Across the dinner table, Edna looked at Arthur with very bright eyes. "And where were you at three o'clock this afternoon?" she asked.

"Having tea with a client." He had answered quickly—too quickly, she thought. "Why? Did you want to speak to me?"

"It didn't matter," she said in the same light tone. "It was something about our bank account, but I straightened it out."

Later that evening she sat on the sofa with a forgotten book nearby, watching Arthur read. His rather thick dark brows, so at odds with his sensitive features, were drawn together in a little frown of absorption as he turned the pages. He looked different to her now, changed in some way.

Please turn to page 18





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## The Unknown Woman

Continued from page 17

EDNA had always considered his appearance neat and pleasing—nothing more. But now that she looked at him carefully, she noticed that his head was very well-shaped and that his eyes were dark and rather intense. His mouth, too—you could say that he had a handsome mouth.

She was suddenly filled with a strange and unaccountable excitement as she stared at him. It was as if she had never really seen him before. Edna lay awake most of the night, her eyes wide and staring. The darkness intensified her fears. All her hopes, her powers of reasoning had left her, and she was prey to a thousand black and whirling fancies that brushed like bats against her mind until she wanted to cry out in terror.

The morning sun brought with it some measure of reassurance, but she knew now that she had to have some proof of her husband's infidelity if she were to go on. She could not continue in this way—imagining, suspecting; she had to know if her fears were based on fact or fancy.

At one o'clock that afternoon she left the house and took a bus to town. There was an air of unreality about everything she did now; her fear had colored the most ordinary scenes and given them an illusory quality.

Arthur's office looked strange to her, too, but then she had not been there for a very long time. The receptionist told her that he had left for lunch.

"Oh, I've missed him!" Edna said in disappointment. But she had known that he would be gone.

"I think," she said, "that I'll just go into his office for a few minutes, anyway. I want to surprise him with a picture for his birthday and I'd like to see what would be best in there."

Once she was in the narrow room, the door closed behind her, she moved quickly. As she opened each drawer in the desk and searched its contents there was something about her quick breathing and her terribly alert eyes that was reminiscent of a small animal scrabbling in the earth in quest of some hidden treasure.

Mixed with her feeling of panic lest someone should blunder in and find her, there

was a deep revulsion for what she was doing.

There was a small key in the side drawer, and after she had searched the desk thoroughly she took it out, holding it in her palm as her eyes darted about the room. She saw then that there was a narrow compartment at the bottom of the glass-fronted bookcase. She tried it and found that it was locked.

The key fitted smoothly; she turned it and the drawer opened. For a moment, Edna stood motionless, her heart hammering against her ribs as she stared downwards. Here were his secret, important things—the impressive-looking documents; a gold watch which had been his grandfather's; a faded snapshot of a girl she had never seen before.

And the letters. There was a whole packet of them in the corner, all on the mauve-colored, monogrammed note-paper.

The secret, important things. Edna expelled her breath slowly. Her fingers fumbled as she took the packet out of the drawer. She noticed at once that the first letter was the one she had found in the suit pocket yesterday.

She went through them quickly, for she had little time left. They were short, passionate notes; they referred to secret meetings. They were not dated, but Edna knew at once that they were not letters from the past.

The faint perfume that clung to the expensive paper, the quick, impassioned sentences, the pictures they brought to mind—vivid and mysteriously exciting—seemed to give the letters a palpable, breathing quality of the present.

Edna carefully replaced the letters in the sequence she had found them. It seemed to take her an interminable time, for her fingers were stiff with cold; they would not obey her.

After the drawer was locked again and the key back in the desk, she stood still for a moment, holding on to the back of a chair as if she feared to fall. But in her eyes was a sort of bitter triumph. Now she knew.

During the days that followed, Edna moved with the strained, wary look of a tight-rope walker balancing on a thin wire. Whenever she could, she gazed secretly at Arthur, and now she saw him as the very core of her life, the focal point in her existence.

Of one thing she was certain: she would not give him up to this other woman. And if this was to be her stand, she must measure carefully her assets and liabilities and gauge what her chances were of holding him.

Her mirror told her that she had been neglecting herself shamefully; she had allowed herself to grow faded and overweight. And she had neglected Arthur, too; she had regarded him for too long as one of her inalienable possessions.

Please turn to page 19  
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 29, 1934



# The Unknown Woman

BUT what had she to offer him now in an effort to get him back? They had no children. She had only the shared years between them, the years of day-to-day intimacy, of struggles and sickness, of mutual acceptance and familiarity.

This was all she had—this, and his memory of what she had been like when he had first fallen in love with her.

As the days passed, she began to frequent beauty parlors, although she knew instinctively that a change in her appearance was only an initial move in the right direction. The reason for Arthur's faithlessness went much deeper than that; it reached down to the parched, withering roots of their marriage.

She went on a strict diet that became a grinding torment and exercised assiduously night and morning. She had her hair re-styled and bought and used a wide array of cosmetics.

Now, when Arthur came home at night, she dressed carefully; there was a soft eagerness about her as she welcomed him; she displayed a recognition of his needs and moods. For a long time he did not notice very much, and this frightened her most of all. But gradually he began to look at her with more awareness.

She watched him secretly, almost hungrily, seeing him in an exciting new way, seeing him through the eyes of the other woman. His quietness took on a mysterious depth; she began to find his appearance surprisingly attractive.

She could see now why this other woman had fallen in love with him.

And a strange thing happened. She began to fall in love with him all over again. It was as if she were a girl once more, thrilling to the touch of his hand.

Gradually, she began to see in him an awakening interest; as if some forgotten embers of a past love had been kindled again and had flickered into feeble flame. Her exultant happiness was tempered by her caution. She nurtured the little flame zealously.

The weeks passed, and Arthur began to come home earlier from the office, his face alive and eager. Sometimes he telephoned her from the office for no reason at all, and one night he brought her flowers, grinning sheepishly.

Continued from page 18

A new note crept into their relationship that was reminiscent of their courting days—a breathless sort of tenderness and excitement that was very young.

Edna was exultant in her triumph over the unknown woman. The salt of her former suffering had brought out the sharp sweetness of the present all the more. Never had she been so happy.

Edna hummed as she carried the eggs from the stove.

"Arthur!" she called out. "Breakfast is on the table!" She peered into the mirror, her hands darting to the feathery curls round her head.

Arthur stuck his head through the doorway. His dark hair was still damp from his bath and he was grinning.

"I say, lady," he whispered, "is your husband at home?"

"No," she whispered back.

"Come on in."

He entered the room and pulled her close, pressing his cheek against her hair, and Edna felt her heart swell painfully; faint tears came to her eyes. I've got him back, she thought; I've got him back for good.

"Seems to me," she said, "that you're getting rather attractive these mornings."

"I was always attractive," Arthur said, grinning down at her. "Only you never noticed it before."

He had the morning paper in his hand, and now he pointed to something on the front page. "See this?" he said. "The wife is one of my clients."

"Read it to me, darling," Edna said. "I'll get the toast."

His voice followed her: "It's a divorce case. It's all in the open now. We're representing the wife; she's suing her husband and naming this other woman as co-respondent. This Serena R—"

"Is that so?" Edna said. But she stopped suddenly.

"It's quite a juicy tit-bit for the newspapers," Arthur said. "But it's a straightforward enough case. We have all the letters this other woman wrote him—the poor fool of a husband hadn't sense enough to get rid of them."

Edna gave a choking little sound that flowed into a thin, clear wave of laughter. She could not stop; the waves rose higher and higher. It was all so enormously funny; it was such a ridiculous joke. She

had starved and strained and humbled herself; she had done shameful things and suffered agonies of jealousy—and all to win back her husband from a woman who had never existed.

"What's so funny?" Arthur said. He looked a little hurt. And as her almost hysterical laughter receded, she gazed at him and knew that she could never tell him.

"Edna!" called a clear, urgent voice.

Edna stopped still in the street and looked around her. She smiled when she saw Harriet.

"I actually didn't recognise you," Harriet called out as she came nearer. "I said to myself: 'Why, that couldn't be Edna—with that slim figure and the hair-do!' And then you turned your head. Honestly, Edna, you look marvelous. So young!"

Edna smiled happily.

They walked towards their road together. As they reached Edna's gate Harriet's face became eager. "Edna, I didn't tell you! I met Caroline in town last week!"

"Really?" Edna's eyes were alight with interest. "How did she look?"

"She looked fine. I was afraid to ask her if she were still living with Donald, but evidently they are still together. She said they had moved to Westchester." She shook her head as Edna opened the gate. "Isn't it amazing, when you stop to think, that she knew about that other woman all the time, and still she took him back? I don't see how she could do it; you'd think she'd have more pride."

Edna stood still, her hand gripping the latch. Words that she had uttered a long, long time ago came back to her: "You wouldn't catch me taking him back. I have my pride."

Her lips curved in a little smile as she murmured her good-bye to Harriet. But the memory of the old words remained in her mind as she stood before her door and turned the key in the lock.

Arthur was in the sitting-room, and he turned eagerly towards her as she came in. Looking at him, Edna was caught up suddenly on a high and dizzying crest of happiness, of gratitude, of love.

"Hello," she said. She went over to him and stood on tiptoe, pressing her cheek against his.

"Hello," he said, his arms going round her. It was as if they had been gone from each other for a long while.

Yes, I had my pride, Edna thought; thank goodness, I had my pride. She knew that it was not the kind of pride she had thought of a long time ago—stiff, unyielding, demanding payment for a wounded vanity. Instead, it had turned out to be the fiercely possessive pride of a woman who had held on, at all costs, to the man she loved.

And if the threat, the haunting fears had proved to be false and illusory, it did not matter. In her scrambling pursuit to keep what she had, she had found something much more important. She had found this.

She knew that she would never let it go again.

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Lipstick: London Lilac  
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Hat by Marcel McGraw  
Suit by Frank Mitchell

\* Coty suggests these make-up shades to match costume colours:

Costume Colours	Sub-Tint FOUNDATION	"AirSpun" FACE POWDER	"AirSpun" or Cream ROUGE	"Creamy" or "Valiant" (former consistency) LIPSTICK
Black All Blues Pinks	VIBRANT	VIBRANT	ROSE MODE	LONDON LILAC
All Greens	MEDIUM	GITANE	VIF	VIF
Browns Yellows Gold	AZALEE	PACIFIC TAN	RED RIBBON	RED RIBBON
Reds Greys	AZALEE	CONTINENTALE	GITANE	GITANE
EYE SHADOW	Hazel eyes Blue eyes Green or Warm eyes	Blue, Green or Violet to match costume colour. Blue, Silver Blue or Violet. Green or Silver Green.		

"CREAMY" LIPSTICK, 13/6

"VALIANT" LIPSTICK (firmer texture), 7/11

SUB-TINT FOUNDATION, 9/3

EYE SHADOW, 5/11

"AIRSPUN" ROUGE, 5/11

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"AIRSPUN" FACE POWDER, 7/11

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# They do it with MIRRORS

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

INSPECTOR CURRY and Dodger went back to the house across the lawn. Looking for footprints, Alex said to himself, but here he was wrong. They had looked for footprints very early that morning and had been unsuccessful because it had rained heavily at 2 a.m.

Alex walked slowly up the drive, turning over in his mind the possibilities of the idea that had just come to him.

He was diverted from this, however, by the sight of Gina walking on the path by the lake. The house was on a slight eminence, and the ground sloped gently down from the front sweep of gravel to the lake, which was bordered by rhododendrons and other shrubs.

Alex ran down the gravel and found Gina.

"If you could black out that absurd Victorian monstrosity," he said, lowering up his eyes, "this would make a very good Swan Lake, with you, Gina, as the Swan Maiden."

He turned to eye her critically. "You are more like the Snow Queen, though, when I come to think of it. Ruthless, determined to have your own way, quite without pity or kindness or the rudiments of compassion. You are very, very feminine, Gina, dear."

"How malicious you are, Alex, dear!"

"Because I refuse to be taken in by you! You're very pleased with yourself, aren't you, Gina? You've got it all where you want us. Myself, Stephen, and that large, simple husband of yours."

"You're talking nonsense."

"Oh, no, I'm not. Stephen's in love with you, I'm in love with you, and Wally's desperately miserable. What more could a woman want?"

Gina looked at him and laughed. Alex nodded his head vigorously.

"You have the rudiments of honesty, I'm glad to see. That's the truth in you. You don't go to the trouble of pretending that you're not attracted to men — and that you're terribly sorry about it if they are attracted to you. You like having men in love with you, don't you, cruel Gina? Even miserable little Edgar Lawson?"

Gina looked at him steadily.

"It doesn't last very long, you know," she said in a quiet, serious tone. "Women have a much worse time of it in the world than men do. They're more vulnerable. They have children, and their mind—terribly—about their children. As soon as they lose their looks, the men they love don't love them any more. They're betrayed and deserted and pushed aside."

She gave a little shrug. "I don't blame men. I'd be the same myself. I don't like people who are old or ugly or ill or who whine about their troubles or who are ridiculous like Edgar, strutting about and pretending he's important and worthwhile. You say I'm cruel? It's a cruel world! Sooner or later it will be cruel to me. But now I'm young and I'm nice-looking and people find me attractive!"

Her teeth flashed out in her peculiar

liar warm, sunny smile. "Yes, I enjoy it, Alex. Why shouldn't I?"

"Why, indeed?" said Alex. "What I want to know is what you are going to do about it. Are you going to marry Stephen or are you going to marry me?"

"I'm married to Wally."

"Temporarily. Every woman should make one mistake matrimonially—but there's no need to dwell on it. Having tried out the show in the provinces, the time has come to bring it to the West End."

"And you're the West End?"

"Indubitably."

"Do you really want to marry me? I can't imagine you married."

"I insist on marriage. Affairs, I always think, are so very old-fashioned. Difficulties with passports and hotels and all that."

Gina's laugh rang out fresh and clear.

"You do amuse me, Alex."

"It is my principal asset. Stephen is much better looking than I am. He's extremely handsome and very intense, which, of course, women adore. But intensity is fatiguing in the home. With me, Gina, you will find life entertaining."

"Aren't you going to say you love me madly?"

"However true that may be, I shall certainly not say it. It would be one up to you and one down to me if I did. No. All I'm prepared to do is to make you a businesslike offer of marriage."

"I shall have to think about it," said Gina, smiling.

"Naturally. Besides, you've got to put Wally out of his misery first. I've a lot of sympathy with Wally. It must be torture for him to be married to you and trailed along at your chariot wheels into this heavy family atmosphere of philanthropy."

"What a beast you are, Alex!"

"A perceptive beast."

"Sometimes," said Gina, "I don't think Wally cares for me one little bit. He just doesn't notice me any more."

"You've stirred him up with a stick and he doesn't respond? Most annoying."

Like a flash, Gina swung her palm and delivered a ringing slap on Alex's smooth cheek.

"Touche!" cried Alex.

With a quick, deft movement he gathered her into his arms and, before she could resist, his lips fastened on hers in a long, ardent kiss. She struggled a moment and then relaxed.

"Gina!"

They sprang apart. Mildred Strete, her face red, her lips quivering, glared at them balefully. For a moment the eagerness of her words choked their utterance.

"Disgusting . . . disgusting . . . you abandoned, beastly girl . . . you're just like your mother . . . You're a bad lot. . . I always knew you're a bad lot . . . utterly depraved . . . and you're a murderess, too. Oh, yes, you are. I know what I know!"

"And what do you know? Don't be ridiculous, Aunt Mildred!"

"I'm no aunt of yours, thank



Illustrated by Tom Lewis

goodness. No blood relation to you. Why, you don't even know who your mother was or where she came from! But you know well enough what my father was like and my mother. What sort of child do you think they would adopt? A criminal's child, probably!"

Her words rushed on. "That's the sort of people they were. They ought to have remembered that bad blood will tell. Though I daresay that it's the Italian in you that makes you turn to poison."

"How dare you say that!"

"I shall say what I like. You can't deny now, can you, that somebody tried to poison mother? And who's the most likely person to do that? Who comes into an enormous fortune if mother dies?"

**G**INA, her own face flushed with anger, opened her mouth to reply, but before she could utter a word Mildred hurried on: "It's you that comes into a fortune, Gina, and you may be sure that the police have not overlooked the fact."

Still trembling with anger, Mildred moved rapidly away. "Pathological," said Alex, gazing curiously after her. "Definitely pathological."

"Oh, I hate her, I hate her, I hate her!" Gina clenched her hands and shook with fury.

"Lucky you hadn't got a knife in your stocking," said Alex. "If you had, dear Mrs. Strete might have known something about murder from the point of view of the victim. Calm down, Gina. Don't look so melodramatic and like Italian opera."

"How dare she say I tried to poison Grandam!"

"Well, darling, somebody tried to poison her. And from the point

"See here, this is where we've got to have a showdown," Wally said as Gina turned angrily away.

of view of motive you're well in the picture, aren't you?"

"Alex!" Gina stared at him, dismayed. "Do the police think so?"

"It's extremely difficult to know what the police think. . . . They keep their own counsel remarkably well. They're by no means fools, you know. That reminds me—"

"Where are you going?"

"To work out an idea of mine."

Carrie Louise's voice held bewilderment and disbelief. "You say somebody has been trying to poison me?"

She waited a few moments, her eyes half closed.

Lewis said gently, "I wish I could have spared you this, dear-est."

Almost absently she stretched out a hand to him and he took it.

Miss Marple, sitting close by, shook her head sympathetically.

Carrie Louise opened her eyes. "Is it really true, Jane?" she asked.

"I'm afraid so, my dear."

"Then everything—" Carrie Louise broke off.

After a moment, she went on: "I've always thought I knew what was real and what wasn't. . . . This doesn't seem real—but it is."

So I may be wrong everywhere. . . . But who could want to do such a thing to me? Nobody in this house could want to—kill me?"

Her voice still held incredulity.

"That's what I would have thought," said Lewis. "I was wrong."

"And Christian knew about it?"

"That explains it."

"Explains what?" asked Lewis.

"His manner," said Carrie Louise.

"It was very odd, you know. Not at all his usual self. He seemed—upset about me—and as though he was wanting to say something to me—and then not saying it. And he asked me if my heart was strong. And if I'd been well lately."

She gave her gentle smile. "Trying to hint to me, perhaps. But why not say something straight out? It's so much simpler just to say straight out."

"He didn't want to—cause you pain, Caroline."

"Pain? But why—? Oh, I see. . . . Her eyes widened. "So that's what you believe. But you're wrong, Lewis, quite wrong. I can assure you of that."

Her husband avoided her eyes.

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Serrocold after a moment or two. "But I can't believe anything of what has happened lately is true. Edgar shooting at you. Gina and Stephen. That ridiculous box of chocolates. It just isn't true."

Nobody spoke. Caroline Louise Serrocold heaved a little sigh.

"I suppose," she said, "that I must have lived outside reality for a long time. . . . Please, both of you, I think I would like to be alone. . . . I've got to try to understand."

Miss Marple came down the stairs and into the great hall to find Alex Restarick standing near the large arched entrance door with his hand flung out in a somewhat flamboyant gesture.

"Come in, come in," said Alex happily and as though he were the owner of the great hall. "I'm just thinking about last night."

Please turn to page 22



**L**EWIS SERRO-COLD, who had followed Miss Marple down from Carrie Louise's sitting-room, crossed the great hall to his study and went in and shut the door.

"Are you trying to reconstruct the crime?" asked Miss Marple with subdued eagerness.

"Eh?" Alex looked at her with a frown. Then his brow cleared.

"Oh, that," he said. "No, not exactly. I was looking at the whole thing from an entirely different point of view. I was thinking of this place in the terms of the theatre. Not reality, but artificiality!"

He waved a hand. "Just come over here. Think of it in the terms of a stage set. Lighting, entrances, exits. Dramatis personae. Noises off. All very interesting. Not all my own idea. The inspector gave it to me. I think he's rather a cruel man. He did his best to frighten me this morning."

"And did he frighten you?"

"I'm not sure."

Alex described the inspector's experiment and the timing of the performance of the puffing Constable Dodgett.

"Time," he said, "is so very misleading. One thinks things take such a long time, but really, of course, they don't."

"No," said Miss Marple.

Representing the audience, she moved to a different position. The stage set now consisted of a vast tapestry-covered wall going up to dinner, with a grand piano up L. and a window and window-seat up R. Very near the window-seat was the door of the library.

The piano-stool was only about eight feet from the door into the square lobby which led to the corridor. Two very convenient exits! The audience, of course, had an excellent view of both of them.

But last night there had been no audience. Nobody, that is to say, had been facing the stage set that Miss Marple was now facing. The audience last night had been sitting with their backs to that particular stage.

## They Do It With Mirrors

Continued from page 21

How long, Miss Marple wondered, would it have taken to slip out of the room, run along the corridor, shoot Christian Brandson, and come back? Not nearly so long as one would think. Measured in minutes and seconds a very short while indeed.

What had Carrie Louise meant when she had said to her husband: "So that's what you believe—but you're wrong, Lewis!"

"I must say that that was a very penetrating remark of the inspector's," Alex's voice cut in on her meditations. "About a stage set being real. Made of wood and cardboard and stuck together with glue and as real on the unpainted as on the painted side. 'The illusion,' he pointed out, 'is in the eyes of the audience.'"

"Like conjurers," Miss Marple murmured vaguely. "They do it with mirrors" is, I believe, the slang phrase.

Stephen Restarick came in, slightly out of breath.

"Hullo, Alex," he said. "That little rat Ernie Gregg—I don't know if you remember him?"

"The one who played Feste when you did Twelfth Night? Quite a bit of talent there, I thought."

"Yes, he's got talent of a sort. Very good with his hands, too. Does a lot of our carpentry. However, that's neither here nor there. He's been boasting to Gina that he gets out at night and wanders about the grounds. Says he was wandering round last night and boasts he saw something."

Alex spun round.

"Saw what?"

"Says he's not going to tell! Actually, I'm pretty certain he's only trying to show off and get into the limelight. He's an awful liar, but I thought perhaps he ought to be questioned."

Alex said sharply: "I should leave him for a bit. Don't let him think we're too interested."

"Perhaps—yes, I think you may be right there. This even-

ing, perhaps." Stephen went on into the library.

Miss Marple, moving gently round the hall in her character of mobile audience, collided with Alex Restarick as he stepped back suddenly.

Miss Marple said, "I'm so sorry."

Alex frowned at her, said in an absent sort of way: "I beg your pardon," and then added in a surprised voice: "Oh, it's you."

It seemed to Miss Marple an odd remark for someone with whom she had been conversing for some considerable time.

"I was thinking of something else," said Alex Restarick. "That boy Ernie—" He made vague motions with both hands.

With a sudden change of manner he crossed the hall and went through the library door, shutting it behind him.

**F**ROM behind the closed door, there came the murmur of voices, but Miss Marple hardly noticed them. She was uninterested in the versatile Ernie and what he had seen or pretended to see. She had a shrewd suspicion that Ernie had seen nothing at all.

She did not believe for a moment that on a cold, raw, foggy night like last night Ernie would have troubled to use his lockpicking activities and wander about in the Park. In all probability he never had got out at night. Boasting, that was all it had been.

"Like Johnnie Backhouse," thought Miss Marple, who always had a good storehouse of parallels to draw upon, selected from inhabitants of St. Mary Mead.

"I seen you last night" had been Johnnie Backhouse's unpleasant taunt to all he thought it might affect.

It had been a surprisingly successful remark. So many people, Miss Marple reflected, have been in places where they are anxious not to be seen!

She dismissed Johnnie from her mind and concentrated on

a vague something which Alex's account of Inspector Curry's remarks had stirred to life. Those remarks had given Alex an idea. She was not sure that they had not given her an idea, too.

The same idea? Or a different one?

She stood where Alex Restarick had stood. She thought to herself, "This is not a real hall. This is only cardboard and canvas and wood. This is a stage scene."

Scrappy phrases flashed across her mind. "Illusion—" "In the eyes of the audience—" "They do it with mirrors—" "Bowls of goldfish—" yards of colored ribbon—" vanishing ladies—" All the panoply and misdirection of the conjurer's art.

Something stirred in her consciousness—a picture—something that Alex had said—something that he had described to her... Constable Dodgett puffing and panting... Panting... Something shifted in her mind—came into sudden focus.

"Why, of course!" said Miss Marple. "That must be it..."

"Oh, Wally, how you startled me!"

Gina, emerging from the shadows by the theatre, jumped back a little as the figure of Wally Hudd materialised out of the gloom. It was not yet quite dark, but had that eerie half light when objects lose their reality and take on the fantastic shapes of nightmare.

"What are you doing down here? You never come near the theatre as a rule."

"Maybe I was looking for you, Gina. It's usually the best place to find you, isn't it?"

Wally's soft, faintly drawing voice held no special insinuation, and yet Gina flinched a little.

"It's a job and I'm keen on it. I like the atmosphere of paint and canvas, and backstage generally."

"Yes. It means a lot to you. I've seen that. Tell me, Gina, how long do you think it will

be before this business is all cleared up?"

"The inquest's to-morrow. It will just be adjourned for a fortnight or something like that. At least, that's what Inspector Curry gave us to understand."

"A fortnight," said Wally thoughtfully. "I see. Say three weeks perhaps. And after that—we're free. I'm going back to the States then."

"Oh, but I can't rush off like that," cried Gina. "I couldn't leave Grandam. And we've got these two new productions we're working on—"

"I didn't say 'we.' I said I was going."

Gina stopped and looked up at her husband. Something in the effect of the shadows made him seem very big. A big, quiet figure—and in some way, or so it seemed to her, faintly menacing.

Standing over her. Threatening—what?

"Do you mean?" she hesitated—"you don't want me to come?"

"Why, no—I didn't say that."

"You don't care if I come or not? Is that it?"

She was suddenly angry.

"See here, Gina. This is where we've got to have a showdown. We didn't know much about one another when we married—not much about one another's backgrounds. We thought it didn't matter. We thought nothing mattered except having a swell time together. Well, stage one is over. Your folks didn't—and don't—think much of me. Maybe they're right. I'm not their kind."

He drew a sharp breath.

"But if you think I'm staying here, kicking my heels, and doing odd jobs in what I consider is just a crazy set-up—well, think again! I want to live in my own country, doing the kind of job I want to do and can do. My idea of a wife is the kind of wife who used to go along with the old pioneers, ready for anything, hardship, unfamiliar country, danger, strange surroundings."

"But if you think I'm staying here, kicking my heels, and doing odd jobs in what I consider is just a crazy set-up—well, think again! I want to live in my own country, doing the kind of job I want to do and can do. My idea of a wife is the kind of wife who used to go along with the old pioneers, ready for anything, hardship, unfamiliar country, danger, strange surroundings."

**G**INA said nothing and Wally went on, "Perhaps that's too much to ask of you, but it's that or nothing! Maybe I hustled you into marriage. If so, you'd better get free of me and start again. If you prefer one of these arty boys it's up to you. But I'm sure home."

"I think you're an absolute pig," said Gina. "I'm enjoying myself here."

"Is that so? Well, I'm not. You even enjoy murder, I suppose?"

Gina drew in her breath sharply.

"That's a cruel, wicked thing to say. I was very fond of Uncle Christian. And does you realise that someone has been quietly poisoning Grandam for months? It's horrible!"

"I told you I didn't like it here. I don't like the kind of things that go on. I'm quitting."

"If you're allowed to! Don't you realise you'll probably be arrested for Uncle Christian's murder? I hate the way Inspector Curry looks at you. He's just like a cat watching a mouse with a nasty sharp-clawed paw all ready to pounce. Just because you were out of the hall fixing those lights, and because you're not English, I'm sure they'll go fastening it on you."

"They'll need some evidence first."

Gina waited. "I'm frightened for you, Wally. I've been frightened all along."

"No good being scared, I tell you they've got nothing at me!"

They walked in silence towards the house.

At length Gina said, "I don't believe you really want to come back to America with you..."

Walter Hudd did not answer. Gina Hudd turned on him.

"I hate you. I hate you. You are horrible—a beautiful, unfeeling beast. All I've tried to do for you but want to be rid of me. You don't care if you never see me again. Well, I don't care if I never see you again!"

Please turn to page 2



On one of Sydney's sunniest days Miss Lois Morratt became Mrs. John Olson of Ocean Beach, Manly. It was in Manly's blue surf that Lois first met John—the surf that showed her lovely clear complexion in all its natural beauty, and played cupid to this lovely Pears Bride.

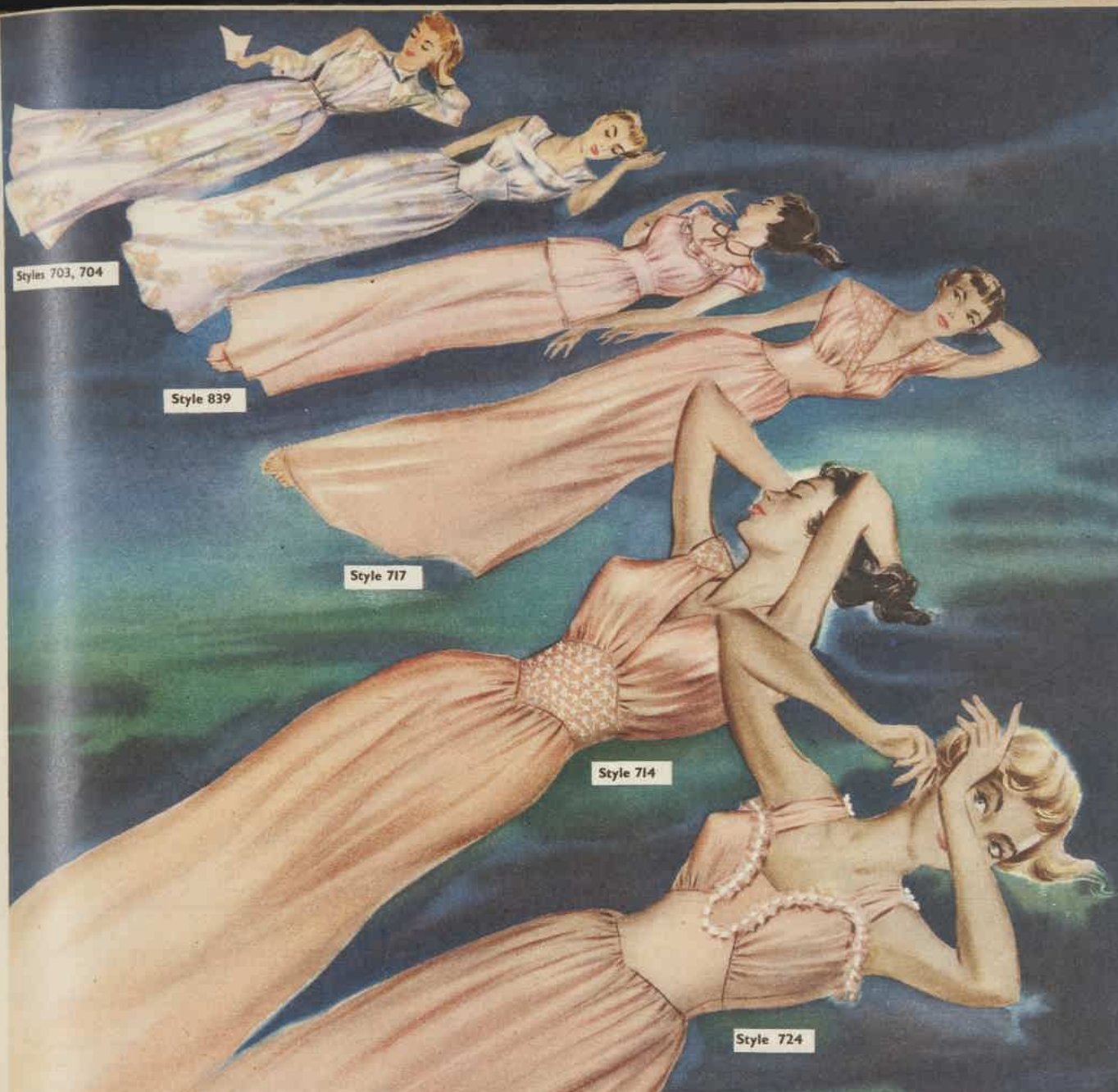
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**FURIOUSLY** Gina went on: "I was a stupid little fool every to marry you, and I shall get a divorce as soon as possible, and I shall marry Stephen or Alexis and be much happier than I ever could be with you. And I hope you go back to the States and marry some girl who makes you miserable!"

"Fine!" said Wally. "Now we know where we are!"

Miss Marple saw Gina and Wally go into the house together.

She was standing at the spot where Inspector Curry had made his experiment with Constable Dodgett earlier in the afternoon.

Miss Believer's voice behind her made her jump.

"You'll get a chill, Miss Marple, standing about like that after the sun's gone down."

Miss Marple fell meekly into step with her and they walked briskly through the house.

"I was thinking about conjuring tricks," said Miss Marple. "So difficult when you're watching them to see how they're done, and yet, once they are explained, so absurdly simple. Although, even now, I can't imagine how conjurers produce bowls of goldfish!"

She rambled on, "Did you ever see the Lady Who is Seen in Half—such a thrilling trick. It fascinated me when I was eleven years old, I remember. And I never could think how it was done. But the other day there was an article in some paper giving the whole thing away. I don't think a newspaper should do that, do you? It seems it's not one girl—but two. The head of the one and the feet of the other. You think it's one girl and it's really two—and the other way round would work equally well, wouldn't it?"

Miss Believer looked at her with faint surprise.

Miss Marple was not often so flustered and incoherent as this. "It's been too much for the old lady, all this," she thought.

"When you look at only one side of a thing, you see only one side," continued Miss

## They Do It With Mirrors

Continued from page 22

Marple. "But everything fits in perfectly well if you can only make up your mind what is reality and what is illusion." She added abruptly, "Is Carrie Louise—all right?"

"Yes," said Miss Believer. "She's all right. But it must have been a shock, you know—finding out that someone wanted to kill her. I mean particularly a shock to her, because she doesn't understand violence."

"Carrie Louise understands some things that we don't," said Miss Marple thoughtfully. "She always has."

"I know what you mean—but she doesn't live in the real world."

"Doesn't she?"

Miss Believer looked at her in surprise.

"There never was a more unworlly person than Cara—"

"You don't think that perhaps—"

Miss Marple broke off as Edgar Lawson passed them, swinging along at a great pace. He gave a kind of shamefaced nod, but averted his face as he passed.

"I've remembered now who he reminds me of," said Miss Marple. "It came to me suddenly just a few moments ago. He reminds me of a young man called Leonard Wylie. His father was a dentist, but he got old and blind and his hand used to shake, and so people preferred to go to the son. But the old man was very miserable about it, and moped; said he was no good for anything any more."

"Leonard, who was very soft-hearted and rather foolish, began to pretend he drank more than he should. He always smelt of whisky and he used to sham being rather fuddled when his patients came. His idea was that they'd go back to the father again and say the younger man was no good."

"And did they?"

"Of course not," said Miss Marple. "What happened was that anybody with any sense could have told him what would happen! The patients went to Mr. Reilly, the rival dentist."

She sighed. "So many people

with good hearts have no sense. Besides, Leonard Wylie was so unconvincing. . . . His idea of drunkenness wasn't in the least like real drunkenness, and he overdid the whisky—spilling it on his clothes, you know, to a perfectly impossible extent."

They went into the house by the side door.

Inside the house, they found the family assembled in the library. Lewis was walking up and down, and there was an air of general tension in the atmosphere.

"Is anything the matter?" asked Miss Believer.

Lewis said shortly: "Ernie Gregg is missing from roll-call to-night."

"Has he run away?"

"We don't know. Maverick and some of the staff are searching the grounds. If we cannot find him we must communicate with the police."

**G**INA ran over to Carrie Louise, startled by the whiteness of her face. "You look ill."

"I am unhappy. The poor boy."

Lewis said: "I was going to question him this evening as to whether he had seen anything noteworthy last night. I have the offer of a good post for him and I thought that after discussing that I would bring up the other topic. Now—" he broke off.

Miss Marple murmured softly: "Foolish boy. . . . Poor, foolish boy."

She shook her head, and Mrs. Serrocold said gently: "So you think so, too, Jane. . . .?"

Stephen Restarick came in. He said, "I missed you at the theatre, Gina. I thought you said you would—Hullo, what's up?"

Lewis repeated his information, and, as he finished speaking, Dr. Maverick came in with a fair-haired boy with pink cheeks and a suspiciously angelic expression. Miss Marple remembered his being at dinner on the night she had arrived at Stonygates.

"I've brought Arthur Jenkins along," said Dr. Maverick. "He seems to have been the last person to talk to Ernie."

"Now, Arthur," said Lewis Serrocold, "please help us if you can. Where has Ernie gone? Is this a prank?"

"I dunno, sir. Straight, I don't. Didn't say nothing to me, he didn't. All full of the play at the theatre he was, that's all. Said as how he'd had a smashing idea for the scenery, what Mrs. Hudd and Mr. Stephen thought was first class."

"There's another thing, Arthur. Ernie claims he was prowling about the grounds after lock-up last night. Was that true?"

"Course it ain't. Just boasting, that's all. Perishing liar, Ernie. He never got out at night. Used to boast he could, but he wasn't that good with locks! He couldn't do anything with a lock that was a lock. Anyway, 'e was in 'last' night, that I do know."

"You're not saying that just to satisfy us, Arthur?"

"Cross my heart," said Arthur virtuously.

Lewis did not look quite satisfied.

"Listen," said Dr. Maverick. "What's that?"

A murmur of voices was approaching. The door was flung open and, looking very pale and ill, the spectacled Mr. Baumgarten staggered in.

He gasped out: "We've found him—them. It's horrible. . . ."

He sank down on a chair and mopped his forehead.

Mildred Stretz said sharply: "What do you mean—found them?"

Baumgarten was shaking all over.

"Down at the theatre," he said. "Their heads crushed in—the big counterweight must have fallen on them. Alexis Restarick and that boy Ernie Gregg. They're both dead. . . ."

"I've brought you a cup of strong soup, Carrie Louise," said Miss Marple. "Now please drink it."

Mrs. Serrocold sat up in the big carved oak four-poster bed.

She looked very small and childlike. Her cheeks had lost their rose-pink flush, and her eyes had a curiously absent look.

She took the soup obediently from Miss Marple. As she sipped it, Miss Marple sat down in a chair beside the bed.

"First Christian," said Carrie Louise, "and now Alex—and poor, sharp, tilly, little Ernie. Did he really—know anything?"

"I don't think so," said Miss Marple. "He was just telling lies—making himself important by hinting that he had seen or knew something. The tragedy is that somebody believed his lies."

Carrie Louise shivered. Her eyes went back to their far-away look.

"We meant to do so much for these boys. . . . We did do something. Some of them have done wonderfully well. Several of them are in really responsible positions. A few slid back—that can't be helped. Modern civilised conditions are so complex—too complex for some simple and undeveloped natures."

Miss Marple nodded sympathetically.

"You know Lewis' great scheme?" Carrie Louise went on. "He always felt that transportation was a thing that had saved many a potential criminal in the past. They were shipped overseas—and they made new lives in simpler surroundings. He wants to start a modern scheme on that basis. To buy up a great tract of territory—or a group of islands. Finance it for some years, make it a co-operative self-supporting community—with everyone having a stake in it. But cut off so that the early temptation to go back to cities and the bad old days can be neutralised."

"It's his dream. But it will take a lot of money, of course, and there aren't many philanthropists with vision now. We want another Eric. Eric would have been enthusiastic."

**P**ICKING up a little pair of scissors, Miss Marple looked at them curiously. "What an odd pair of scissors!" she said. "They've got two finger-holds on one side and one on the other."

Carrie Louise's eyes came back from that frightening far distance.

"Alex gave them to me this morning," she said. "They're supposed to make it easier to cut your right-hand nails. Dear boy, he was so enthusiastic. He made me try them then and there."

"And I suppose he gathered up the nail clippings and took them tidily away," said Miss Marple.

"Yes," said Carrie Louise. "He—"

"She broke off. "Why did you say that?"

"I was thinking about Alex. He had brains. Yes, he had brains."

"You mean—that's why he died?"

"I think so—yes."

"He and Ernie—it doesn't bear thinking about. When do they think it happened?"

"Late this evening. Between six and seven o'clock probably."

"After they'd knocked off work for the day?"

"Yes."

Gina had been down there that evening. And Wally, Stephen, too, said he had been down to look for Gina.

But, as far as that went, anybody could have—

Miss Marple's train of thought was interrupted.

Carrie Louise said quietly and unexpectedly: "How much do you know, Jane?"

Miss Marple looked up sharply. The eyes of the two women met.

Miss Marple said slowly: "I was quite sure."

"I think you are sure, Jane."

Jane Marple said slowly: "What do you want me to do?"

Carrie leaned back against her pillows.

"It is in your hands, Jane—You'll do what you think right."

She closed her eyes.

Please turn to page 26

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NYAL Medicines are manufactured in these ultra-modern laboratories under conditions of immaculate cleanliness. Each medicine is compounded by the most advanced methods under the supervision of qualified pharmacists, and afterwards standardised by competent chemists. Only the highest quality ingredients obtainable enter into the composition of NYAL Medicines.



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Sold by Chemists only

**Steradent**

'Oxygen-clean' and  
sterilizes every type of denture.

## They Do It With Mirrors

Continued from page 24

**H**ESITATINGLY Miss Marple said: "To-morrow I shall have to try to talk to Inspector Curry—if he'll listen."

Inspector Curry said rather impatiently: "Yes, Miss Marple?"

"Could we, do you think, go into the Great Hall?"

Inspector Curry looked faintly surprised.

"Is that your idea of privacy? Surely in here—" He looked round the study.

"It's not privacy I'm thinking of so much. It's something I want to show you. Something Alex Restarick made me see."

Inspector Curry, stifling a sigh, got up and followed Miss Marple.

"Somebody has been talking to you?" he suggested hopefully.

"No," said Miss Marple. "It's not a question of what people have said. It's really a question of conjuring tricks. They do it with mirrors, you know—that sort of thing—if you understand me."

Inspector Curry did not understand. He stared and wondered if Miss Marple was quite right in the head.

Miss Marple took up her stand and beckoned the Inspector to stand beside her.

"I want you to think of this place as a stage set, Inspector. As it was on the night Christian Branden was killed. You're here in the audience looking at the people on the stage. Mrs. Serrocold and myself and Mrs. Strete and Gina and Stephen—and just like on the stage there are entrances and exits and the characters go out to different places. Only you don't think when you're in the audience where they are really going to."

"They go out to the front door" or "to the kitchen" and when the door opens you see a little bit of painted backcloth. But really, of course, they go out to the wings—or the back of the stage with carpenters and electricians, and other characters waiting to come on—they go out—to a different world."

"I don't quite see, Miss Marple."

"Oh, I know—I daresay it sounds very silly—but if you think of this as a play and the scene is 'The Great Hall at Stonygates'—what exactly is behind the scene?—I mean—what is backstage? The terrace, isn't it?—the terrace and a lot of windows opening on to it."

"And that, you see, is how the conjuring trick was done. It was the trick of the Lady Sawn in Half that made me think of it."

"The Lady Sawn in Half?" Inspector Curry was now quite sure that Miss Marple was a mental case.

"A most thrilling conjuring trick. You must have seen it—only not really one girl but two girls. The head of one and the feet of the other. It looks like one person and is really two. And so I thought it could just as well be the other way about. Two people could be really one person."

"Two people really one?" Inspector Curry looked desperate.

"Yes. Not for long! How long did your constable take in the Park to run to this house and back? Two minutes and forty-five seconds, wasn't it? This would be less than that. Well under two minutes."

"What was under two minutes?"

"The conjuring trick. The trick when it wasn't two people but one person. In there—in the study. We're looking at only the visible part of the stage. Behind the scenes there is the terrace and a row of windows. So easy when there are two

people in the study to open the study window, get out, run along the terrace (those foot-steps Alex heard), in at the side door, shoot Christian Branden, and then run back."

"And during that time the other person in the study does both voices so that we're all quite sure there are two people in there. And so there were most of the time, but not for that little period of under two minutes."

Inspector Curry found his breath and voice.

"Do you mean that it was Edgar Lawson who ran along the terrace and shot Branden? Edgar Lawson who poisoned Mrs. Serrocold?"

"But you see, Inspector, no one has been poisoning Mrs. Serrocold at all. That's where the misdirection comes in. Someone very cleverly used the fact that Mrs. Serrocold's sufferings from arthritis were not unlike the symptoms of arsenical poisoning. It's the old conjurer's trick of forcing a card on you."

She went on briskly, "Quite easy to add arsenic to a bottle of tonic—quite easy to add a few lines to a typewritten letter. But the real reason for Mr. Branden's coming here was the most likely reason—something to do with the Branden Trust. Money, in fact. Suppose that there had been embezzlement on a very big scale—you see where that points? To just one person—"

"Lewis Serrocold?"

"Lewis Serrocold..."

Part of letter from Gina Hudd to her aunt, Mrs. Van Rydock:

...and so you see, darling Aunt Ruth, the whole thing has been just like a nightmare—especially the end of it."

"I've told you all about this funny man Edgar Lawson. He always was a complete rabbit—and when the Inspector began questioning him and breaking him down he lost his nerve and scuttled like a rabbit. Just lost his nerve and ran—literally ran. Jumped out of the window and round the house and down the drive and then there was a policeman coming to head him off, and he swerved and ran full tilt for the lake."

He leaped into a rotten old punt that's mouldered there for years and pushed off. Quite a mad, senseless thing to do, of course, but, as I say, he was just a panic-stricken rabbit. And then Lewis gave a great shout and said: "That punt's rotten," and raced off to the lake, too. The punt went

down and there was Edgar struggling in the water. He couldn't swim.

Lewis jumped in and swam out to him. He got to him, but they were both in difficulty because they'd got among the reeds. One of the Inspector's men went in with a rope round him, but he got entangled, too, and they had to pull him in. Aunt Mildred said, "They'll drown—they'll drown—they'll both drown..." in a silly sort of way, and Grandam just said, "Yes."

I can't describe to you just how she made that one word sound. Just "yes," and it went through you like a sword.

Am I being just silly and melodramatic? I suppose I am. But it did sound like that...

And then—when it was all over—and they'd got them out and tried artificial respiration (but it was no good), the Inspector came to us and said to Grandam: "I'm afraid, Mrs. Serrocold, there's no hope."

Grandam said very quietly: "Thank you, Inspector." Then she looked at us all. Me longing to help but not knowing how, and jolly looking grim and tender and ready to minister as usual, and Stephen stretching out his hands, and funny old Miss Marple looking so sad and tired, and even Wally looking upset. All so fond of her and wanting to do something.

But Grandam just said "Mildred." And Aunt Mildred said "Mother." And they went away together into the house, Grandam looking so small and frail and leaning on Aunt Mildred. I never realised, until then, how fond of each other they were. It didn't show much, you know.

Gina paused and sucked the end of her fountain pen. She resumed: About me and Wally—we're coming back to the States as soon as we can...

Carrie Louise asked gently, "What made you guess, Jane?" Miss Marple took her time about replying. She looked thoughtfully at the other two—Carrie Louise thinner and frailer and yet curiously untouched, and the old man with the sweet smile and the thick white hair. Dr. Galbraith, Bishop of Gromer, who said to Carrie Louise:

"This has been a great sorrow to you, poor child, and a great shock."

Please turn to page 27

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

## Beauty in brief:

## SUMMER REFRESHERS

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Cooled creams, cologne, lotions, and cold water are clues to the following suggestions for promoting a refreshed feeling on hot days.

TO avoid a parched feeling in the skin as well as a powdery look, try mixing some chilled hand-lotion with liquid leg make-up occasionally.

● If you like a matte complexion, pat cold water lightly over foundation to keep it from looking shiny in hot weather.

● Mouthwashes are effective and truly refreshing. A simple, home-made mixture of plain salt and cold water will do the job.

● To minimise redness and reduce the irritation of eyebrow plucking, apply a dab of chilled cleansing cream to brows beforehand. Pat on antiseptic afterwards.

● Either toilet water or cologne may be used with or instead of cold water to set the hair. Cologne imparts a faint fragrance, is quick-drying, and curls will stay put. It is not recommended for brittle hair.

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The beauty of your complexion is helped more by good health than any expensive facial treatment. A fresh and radiant feeling is the foundation of loveliness.

To clear blotchy skin and pimples often means restoring vitamins B1 and B2 in the diet. Certain foods tend to lose some of their vitamins in modern methods of preparation and this lack has to be compensated.

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## PAIN YOU CAN'T "EXPLAIN"



She had to tell a "white lie"

Men can't realise—and it's so hard to "explain" when dragging, exhausting muscular cramps mean broken appointments and time off.

On those days every month, try taking a couple of MYZONE tablets with water or a cup of tea. Thousands of women and girls are blessing this wonderful new pain-relief. For Myzone's special Aetevin (anti-spasmodic) compound brings immediate—more complete and lasting—relief from severe period pain, headache and sick-feeling, than anything else you've ever known. Try Myzone with your very next "pain." All chemists.

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## CARRIE LOUISE

impelled: "A sorrow but not a shock."

"No," said Miss Marple. "That's what I discovered, you know. Everyone kept saying how Carrie Louise lived in another world from this and was out of touch with reality. But, actually, Carrie Louise, it was reality you were in touch with, and not the illusion. You are never deceived by illusion like most of us are. When I suddenly realised that, I saw that I must go by what you thought and felt."

"You were quite sure that no one would try to poison you; you couldn't believe it—and you were quite right not to believe it, because it wasn't so! You never believed that Edgar would harm Lewis—and again you were right. He never would harm Lewis. You were sure that Gina did not love anyone but her husband—and that again was quite true."

"So, therefore, if I was to go by you, all the things that seemed to be true were only illusions."

After a little pause, she continued, "Alex Restarick got an inkling of the truth first because he had the chance of seeing things from a different angle—from the outside angle. He was with the Inspector in the drive, and he looked at the

## They Do It With Mirrors

house and realised the possibilities of the windows—and he remembered the sound of running feet he had heard that night, and then the timing of the constable showed him what a very short while things take to what we should imagine they would take.

"The constable panted a lot, and later, thinking of a puffing constable, I remembered that Lewis Serrocol was out of breath that night when he opened the study door. He'd just been running hard, you see."

"But it was Edgar Lawson that was the pivot of it all to me. There was always something wrong to me about Edgar Lawson. All the things he said and did were exactly right for what he was supposed to be, but he himself wasn't right. Because he was actually a normal young man playing the part of a schizophrenic—and he was always, as it were, a little larger than life."

"It must have all been very carefully planned and thought out. Lewis must have realised on the occasion of Christian's last visit that something had aroused his suspicions. And he knew Christian well enough to know that if he suspected he

would not rest until he had satisfied himself that his suspicions were either justified or unfounded."

Carrie Louise stirred. "Yes," she said. "Christian was like that. Slow and painstaking, but actually very shrewd. I don't know what it was aroused his suspicions, but he started investigating—and he found out the truth."

The Bishop said: "I blame myself for not having been a more conscientious trustee."

"It was never expected of you to understand finance," said Carrie Louise. "That was originally Mr. Gilroy's province. Then, when he died, Lewis' great experience put him in what amounted to complete control. And that, of course, was what went to his head."

"Lewis was a great man," she said. "A man of great vision, and a passionate believer in what could be accomplished—with money. He didn't want it for himself—or at least not in the greedy, vulgar sense—he did want the power to do great good with it."

"He wanted," said the Bishop, "to be God." His voice was suddenly stern. "He forgot that man is only the humble instrument of God's will."

"And so he embroiled the Trust funds?" said Miss Marple.

Dr. Galbraith hesitated. "It wasn't only that..."

"Tell her," said Carrie Louise. "She is my oldest friend."

The Bishop said: "Lewis Serrocol was what one might call a financial wizard. In his years of highly technical accountancy, he had amused himself by working out various methods of swindling which were practically foolproof. This had been merely an academic study, but when he once began to envisage the possibilities that a vast sum of money could encompass, he put these methods into practice."

"You see, he had at his disposal some first-class material. Among the boys who passed through here, he chose out a small, select band. They were boys whose bent was naturally criminal, who loved excitement and who had a very high order of intelligence. We've not got nearly to the bottom of it all, but it seems clear that this esoteric circle was specially trained and, by and by, placed in key positions where, by carrying out Lewis' directions, books were falsified in such a way that large sums of money were converted without any suspicion being aroused."

He went on sadly, "I gather that the operations and the ramifications are so complicated that it will be months before the auditors can unravel it all. But the net result seems to be that under various names and banking accounts and companies Lewis Serrocol would have been able to dispose of a colossal sum with which he intended to establish an overseas colony for a co-operative experiment in which juvenile delinquents should eventually own this territory and administer it. It may have been a fantastic dream."

"It was a dream that might have come true," said Carrie Louise.

"Yes, it might have come true. But the means Lewis Serrocol adopted were dishonest means, and Christian Branden discovered that. He was very upset, particularly by the realisation of what the discovery and the probable prosecution of Lewis would mean to you, Carrie Louise."

"That's why he asked me if my heart was strong, and seemed so worried about my health," said Carrie Louise. "I couldn't understand it."

Then Lewis Serrocol arrived back from the North

and Christian met him outside the house and told him that he knew what was going on. Lewis took it calmly, I think. Both men agreed they must do all they could to spare you, Christian said he would write to me and ask me to come here, as a co-truster, to discuss the position."

"But, of course," said Miss Marple, "Lewis Serrocol had already prepared for this emergency. It was all planned. He had brought the young man who was to play the part of Edgar Lawson to the house. There was a real Edgar Lawson—of course—in case the police looked up his record. This false Edgar Lawson knew exactly what he had to do—act the part of a schizophrenic victim of persecution—and give Lewis Serrocol an alibi for a few vital minutes."

"The next step had been thought out, too. Lewis' story that you, Carrie Louise, were being slowly poisoned—when one actually came to think of it, there was only Lewis' story of what Christian had told him—that, and a few lines added on the typewriter while he was waiting for the police. It was easy to add arsenic to the tonic. No danger for you there—since he was on the spot to prevent you drinking it."

"Those chocolates were just an added touch—and, of course, the original chocolates weren't poisoned—only those he substituted before turning them over to Inspector Curry."

"And Alex guessed," said Carrie Louise.

"Yes—that's why he collected your nail parings. They would show if arsenic actually had been administered over a long period."

"Poor Alex—poor Ernie!"

"But surely," said the Bishop, "Lewis was taking a big risk in persuading Edgar to be his accomplice—even if he had some hold over him—"

Carrie shook her head.

"It wasn't exactly a hold over him. Edgar was devoted to Lewis."

"Yes," said Miss Marple. "Like Leonard Wyllie and his father. I wonder perhaps if—"

She paused delicately.

"You saw the likeness, I suppose?" said Carrie Louise.

"So you knew that all along?"

"I guessed. I knew Lewis had once had a short infatuation for an actress, before he met me. He told me about it. It wasn't serious. She was a gold-digging type of woman and she didn't care for him, but I've no doubt at all that Edgar was actually Lewis' son."

"Yes," said Miss Marple.

"That explains everything."

"And he gave his life for him in the end," said Carrie Louise.

She looked pleadingly at the Bishop. "He did, you know."

There was a silence.

"I'm glad it ended that way," Carrie Louise said at length. "With his life given in the hope of saving the boy. . . . People who can be very good can be very bad, too. I always knew that was true about Lewis. . . . But—he loved me very much—and I loved him."

"Did you ever suspect him?" asked Miss Marple.

"No," said Carrie Louise. "Because I was puzzled by the poisoning. I knew Lewis would never poison me and yet that letter of Christian's said definitely that someone was poisoning me—so I thought that everything I knew about people must be wrong."

Miss Marple said: "But when Alex and Ernie were found killed? You suspected then?"

"Yes," said Carrie Louise.

"Because I didn't think anyone else but Lewis would have dared. And I began to be afraid of what he might do next."

She shivered slightly.

"I admired Lewis. I admired

Continued from page 26

his—what shall I call it?—his goodness? But I do see that if you're good you have to be humble as well."

Dr. Galbraith said gently: "That, Carrie Louise, is what I have always admired in you—your humility."

The lovely blue eyes opened wide in surprise.

"But I'm not clever—and not particularly good. I can only admire goodness in other people."

"Dear Carrie Louise," said Miss Marple.

"I think Grandam will be quite all right with Aunt Mildred," said Gina. "Aunt Mildred seems much nicer now—not so peculiar, if you know what I mean?"

"I know what you mean," said Miss Marple.

"So Wally and I will go back to the States in a fortnight's time," Gina said a look sideways at her husband.

"I shall forget all about Stonygates and Italy and all my girlish past and become a hundred per cent. American. Our son will be always addressed as Junior. I can't say fairer than that, can I, Wally?"

"You certainly cannot, Kate," said Miss Marple.

SMILING indulgently at an old lady who got names wrong, Wally corrected her gently: "Gina, not Kate."

But Gina laughed.

"I just think," said Miss Marple to Walter, "that you have acted very wisely."

"She thinks you're just the husband for me," said Gina.

Miss Marple looked from one to the other. It was very nice, she thought, to see two young people so much in love, and Walter Hudd transformed from the sulky young man she had first met into a good-humoured, smiling giant.

"You two remind me," she said, "of—"

Gina placed a hand firmly over Miss Marple's mouth.

"No, darling," she exclaimed. "Don't say it. I'm suspicious of these village parallels. They've always got a sting in the tail. You really are a wicked old woman, you know."

Her eyes went misty. "When I think of you and Aunt Ruth and Grandam all being young together. . . . How I wonder what you were all like! I can't imagine it, somehow. . . ."

"I don't suppose you can," said Miss Marple. "It was all a long time ago. . . ."

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She took a cruise  
..But  
missed the Boat



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● Paquin's amethyst chantilly lace dress is cleverly designed with graduated shaped pleated tiers. The bodice features a triangular midriff.

## Paris looks back



● Hubert de Givenchy's rose-patterned tapestry model, above, has a graceful bodice swathing of white chiffon. The skirt spreads out into a wide bell-shaped silhouette.



● De Givenchy's feminine blouse made in pale and dark rose organza and finished with a softly draped collar.



# to the 'twenties

...ured designs direct from  
... autumn collections show  
...ceable drop of daytime  
... the introduction of  
... chief peaks, a return to  
... in fashion, and color  
... from the 'twenties—vieux-  
...-blue, and amethyst.



● De Givenchy's rose-petal jacket, above, is matched velvet and organza. The model is worn over a straight, slim black one-piece.



...u's slim white wool  
...tail suit, above, with  
...laidery in crystal  
... small cloche hat.

...nain's enchanting  
...ball gown, right,  
... lace and glamor-  
... arrangement of tiers.



● Maggy Rouff's slender, jewel-encrusted satin ball gown, above, has a floating tulle skirt panel and a graceful swathed matching bosom and shoulder drape. Dress and panel are both made in soft shell-pink.



● Christian Dior's handkerchief-peaked cocktail dress, above, made in sage-blue chiffon is finished with self material sash tied in a bow. Note new dropped hemline and flat beret and gloves in matching velvet.



# "I'm gonna wash that man right outa my hair"

AND AS SHE SINGS THIS SONG, MARY SHAMPOOS HER HAIR ON STAGE — 8 TIMES A WEEK!

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Every wonderful thing "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo does for lovely Miss La Roche's hair, it will do for yours. Give your hair this simple, refreshing beauty treatment at home this week-end — "Vaseline"

Liquid Shampoo. You'll be thrilled at the new soft silken sheen it brings to your hair.



And here you see one of Mary's quick-change acts. "Within a few minutes of the shower, I'm back on stage all dressed up for the next big scene! Off stage I only have time to give my hair a couple of quick touches with the comb — but my curls just fall into place." "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo leaves your hair soft and easy to manage — curls last longer.



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Ordinary shampoos, even the most expensive, leave a veil of "soap" film over your hair. "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo contains no soap or greasy oils — needs no special rinses. Perfect for oily, dry or water-fast dyed hair. It leaves your hair clean — full of sheen.

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# ★ DRESS SENSE ★

● Coping with hot weather is a big fashion problem for the average Australian girl and woman. Below I have listed some miscellaneous summer fashion facts and some new ideas for hot-weather clothes.

**D**EFEAT the heat with any type of cotton. A cotton garment simply styled can be laundered innumerable times.

Don't have the material too heavily because some cottons can hold the heat uncomfortably well.

Dark-colored cottons with bare arms look new and cool for town, travel, or business.

Black poplin made narrow and sleeveless has terrific elegance, so has white shirting, sleeveless and cut simply.

Black or white can look remarkably cool on the hottest summer day.

Open shoes, bare and airy, are a practical accessory on humid days. The newest daytime sandal has a low Cuban heel, is halter strapped, with toes open or closed.

For more formal clothes, there are high-heeled models which leave almost the whole foot exposed.

Coolness that is pretty and uncluttered can be achieved by a bare-top dress and brief matched jacket. This costume, once restricted to resorts, has become a town fashion for women of all ages.

I estimate that few fashion-conscious Australian women will, this summer, go without at least one bare-top jacket-covered costume styled for the city street.

The middy and halter tops are both specifically attuned to hot weather. The middy (it can be sleeveless) is loose, chic, and comfortable. The halter is bare and cool.

Both these designs are perfect topping for a skirt, slacks, or shorts.

The middy can be tucked in



**D.S.11.—Cotton skirt and separate top. Skirt requires 3yds. 36in. material and top 1 1/2yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Price, 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.**

for those who prefer it that way—or worn outside either without a belt or with an elastic cincher or narrow belt.

A cartwheel in light-weight straw is an ideal hot-weather hat, and in Australia could almost be listed as a summer indispensable.

Twin cartwheels, one white, one black, have endless possi-

By  
**Betty Keep**

bilities for morning, noon, and night.

Dressy separates for late day and evening represent hot-weather fashion at its prettiest and most practical.

There is sound economics behind this fashion for it offers many costume changes in a few unit pieces.

A skirt, plus a variety of bare tops, gives a woman an unlimited and cool wardrobe at a fractional cost.

The skirt and separate top illustrated combines a flowered, printed skirt and black top.

Nothing rests more lightly on the shoulders than chiffon, and a triangle of this sheer, floating material makes a light and pretty summertime evening wrap—worn tied, or not.

A real hot-weather treat for any wardrobe is a special something to wear on the nights you are at home.

Try a cotton, fragile in color and texture. The design? A house-gown with a wide, open neckline. It can be below-knee length or sweeping the floor.

For hot-weather sleeping, a new nightgown length has been born — ballerina party length, with designs as pretty and airy as a summer party dress. Colors and materials in this category also suggest coolness.

Think about mint-green, rosebud-pink, and a soft misty-grey.

Material suggestion, cotton batiste, nylon net, flower-printed dimity.

And, lastly, don't overlook the elegance and practicability of that summertime accessory — the cotton sunshade. It's the most unabashedly pretty thing that's happened in feminine wardrobes in a long time.

Gay in check gingham to match a check cotton washing frock and delectable in white waffle pique, with matching short gloves.



choose this 'indispensable'

Yardley Complexion Milk leads a double life.

Firstly as a refreshing daytime cleanser, quick

but penetrating, to dissolve your maquillage and provide the base

for a new one. Secondly as the finest, lightest

foundation for a lasting translucent make-up.



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English Complexion Cream • 'Make-up Base'

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## Fashion FROCKS

**"VANESSA."**—An attractively styled one-piece is obtainable in colorful ribbon-striped cotton. The color choice includes beige and grey with gold and dark mauve stripes; pink and grey with gold and green stripes; yellow and grey with gold and red stripes.

**Ready To Wear:** Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 72/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 74/9.

**Cut Out Only:** Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 53/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 55/9.

**"LOUELLA."**—A cool, sleeveless design obtainable in harlequin printed pique. The color choice includes pink, green, yellow, white, tan; green, yellow, blue, white, dark green; wine, green, pink, white, blue. The dress has a white pique collar trim.

**Ready To Wear:** Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 94/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 96/9.

**Cut Out Only:** Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 70/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 73/6.

● NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 31. Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Frocks, Stoddart's Building, 11 Pier Street, Sydney.



Ready to wear or cut out ready to make



HERE ARE SOME OF THE MANY  
CAESAR FABRICS

#### SUMMER BREEZE

This is a fine, unexcited cotton, a fabric that truly looks lovely and of a bewildering variety of printed designs in colours of exquisite brilliance. It will keep you looking crisp as a lettuce and win you many an admiring glance. Summer Breeze, design 272, is being fitted to the central figure in the illustration. Price?—about 7/6 a yard.

#### CESARINE

The "Wonder Cloth"—like rompers, frocks, uniforms, skirts, blouses, bedspreads, curtains, aprons, sheets and all sorts of things. It's guaranteed colourfast; Caesarine is durable and durable as only good fabric can be. In your wanted colours, 36 inches wide and about 7/6 a yard.

#### PICACORD

The newest member of the colourful Caesar family; a novelty corded weave overprinted with the smartest and gayest designs to be seen around town. Delicately the "Fabric of Romance." Your admiring friends will hardly believe you paid only about 6/9 a yard for it.

#### DIMICORD

Your favourite corded duster, a fine, even cloth of the best Egyptian cotton that cuts and sews like a dream. It makes the loveliest of fully fitting frocks, nightgowns, blouses, in prints and plain pastel shades. 36 inches wide. About 6/11 a yard.

#### BOUQUET

This is a Caesar spun rayon, richly printed, gorgeously colourful. It washes and irons perfectly and drapes as only good rayon can. This season's price of about 7/9 a yard can never be repeated because of the new 1/6 a yard duty.

#### BONNIE PRINCE

A British figured and printed hosiery of splendid quality and guaranteed colourfast. It's available in two widths—36 inch for your dresses and sport wear (about 6/5 a yard), and 27 inch (about 4/6 a yard) in ladies' designs for economy when cutting in the younger fry.



# Cut a pretty figure

—with the pattern of your choice, your scissors and a length of Caesar Fabric. Here's the simplest way of bridging the gap between your budget and your dream collection.

Your choice is all but limitless. The Caesar range offers the right fabric for every style, for any occasion and for all members of the family. There are seersuckers, novelty weaves, piques, haircords, dimities, spun rayons, embossed effects, corded weaves, square weaves and "the wonder cloth of a thousand uses," Cesarine. Tub fast?—Of course.

Ask for them at your favourite store and make your selection from the bewildering profusion of designs in colours of a fabulous range, all fast to boiling. But, to make quite, quite sure, look for the label that guarantees it's Caesar.

#### BUY IT BY THE YARD

To indulge your talents for making your own; for the thrill of choosing from the many fascinating materials, the wealth of patterns and the positive riot of colours offering, just exactly the one that suits you perfectly, buy your Caesar Fabric right from the bolt at your favourite store.

#### OR AS A SMART READY-MADE

Lending makers of frocks, sportswear and play tops favour Caesar Fabrics for making up in their smartest styles. Ask to see them at your local frock shop or store—and be sure to look for the label that guarantees it's "A Caesar Fabric."



## CAESAR



## FABRICS

A Mile of Value in Every Yard

CESARINE • PICACORD • SUMMER BREEZE • DIMICORD • SUNBURST SEERSUCKER • CESOR





## Fashion PATTERNS

### PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

**F2177.**—Beginners' pattern for a smart, easy-to-make bolero jacket. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Special price, 2/-.

**F2180.**—One-piece dress with reversible overskirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material for bodice and overskirt and 6yds. 36in. check material for contrast, for lining and underskirt. Price, 4/6.

**F2181.**—Maternity outfit featuring one-piece dress and straight-cut contrasting jacket. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material for dress and 2yds. 36in. material for jacket. Price, 4/6.

**F2178.**—A pretty net-trimmed three-piece lingerie set. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. net. Price, 4/9.

**F2179.**—Bare-shouldered sundress and matching jacket. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

**F2182.**—Gibson Girl blouse with puffed-up sleeves. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

**PATTERN Patterns and Needlework Notions** may be obtained immediately from **Pattern Patterns Pty. Ltd.**, 60 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (mail address: Box 460, G.P.O. Sydney), and from the City and Suburban Buildings, 1111 Pitt St., Sydney. Postmaster: readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Sydney, New Zealand (mail to Box 66, G.P.O., Auckland).



## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 331.—A PRACTICAL SMOCK

With a smart collar, cuff, and pocket finish, it is obtainable cut out ready to make in a printed summer-breeze cotton. The color choice includes pink, sage-blue, yellow, and light green, printed with a white spot. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 24/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 25/11. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

### No. 332.—THREE D'OYLEYS AND A D'OYLEY CASE

The set is clearly traced ready to embroider on cream Irish linen and on sheer linen in blue, lemon, green, white, and pink. The lace edging is not supplied. Doyley case, 11in. x 11in. Price, 6/3. Postage, 7d. extra. Doyleys "A" and "C," 8in. x 8in. Price, 1/3. Postage, 3d. extra. Doyley "B," 4in. x 11in. Price, 1/3. Postage, 3d. extra.

**NOTE:** Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

### No. 333.—THREE COAT-HANGER COVERS

The covers are cut out ready to make in a floral satin in pink or white. Price, 2/1 each. Postage, 3d. extra. Set of three, 8/3. Postage, 9d. extra.

### No. 334.—DRESS AND SHORT TRIMMING BOLERO

The attractive ensemble is obtainable cut out ready to make in a printed "Bonnie Prince" cotton. The color choice includes sage-blue, light green, yellow, lime, and grey, printed with white motifs. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 43/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 45/11. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

**Jenyns**  
PATENT CORSETRY

*For figure beauty now and in the years to come!*

From the very first day you really need a foundation garment wear a Jenyns, because the Jenyns Patent Corset is especially designed to perform two essential functions. Firstly the Jenyns correctly but gently supports your figure adding to your general good health and reducing fatigue... secondly the Jenyns by correct support takes inches from your figure assuring a smooth beauty line. Jenyns has won the praise of thousands and thousands of women over the last fifty years and has been universally endorsed by the Medical Profession.

There's a Jenyns for every figure at your local leading store

THE JENYNS PATENT CORSET PTY. LTD.

## Cream away UGLY HAIR

from under-arms and legs in 3 minutes!



Lovely Maureen O'Neill, 21-year-old Beauty Queen, says Veet hair-removing cream is a beauty "must."

AT CHEMISTS & STORES

## Unblock your system—gently

Poor elimination is mostly due to poor digestion, because 80% of digestion takes place in the intestinal tract. Such poor elimination can't be helped by digestive powders and stomach purges.

Carte's natural, soothing prescription gently unblocks systems—stopped-up from simple causes. It promotes the free flow of all 5 of nature's important, digestive juices. Carte's helps nature to restore the natural power of elimination. Removes only waste—not food—another reason why these little pills help you feel so much better. So gentle... no habit-forming... get Carte's Little Liver Pills at your chemist or store today.

## KITCHEN DANGERS

Your kitchen may be a breeding ground for germs. Unless you take special precautions to protect tepid food, microbes multiply rapidly in it.

To guard against the risk of food poisoning in the kitchen, housewives should observe some simple rules. Meat, poultry, fish, and vegetables for home bottling should be dried, salted, and cooked in a pressure cooker.

Additional precautions are listed in a special feature, "Killer in the Kitchen," in the new November issue of A.M. Make sure of your copy.



# BOND'S HONEYMOON UNDIES

at everyday prices!

*Lavish with lace, just like expensive handmades*



**Bond's lace-panelled slip** — In glistening swami on smooth glove-silk, with a pleated lacy panel set in to its well-cut bra-top. Cored skirt with a ripple of lace around the hem. Peach and white, sizes SW to OS.



**Bond's deep-frilled Petti-slip** — Dainty diamond-patterned fancy-loom, with a softly gathered skirt and a deep lace-edged frill at the hem. Peach, sky and white. SW and W.



**Bond's plunging nightgown**: Smooth-fitting dull-finish rayon, with a low-cut neckline and a wide lacy midriff, lace-panelled shoulders. Sky, white, peach. SW to XOS.



*Bond's make the most exquisite, matched underwear sets, too!*



THICK STRIPES



THIN STRIPES



PASTELS



CHECKS



Big, thirsty, beautiful

**"DRI-GLO"** towels

Double-warp for double wear

Brighten your bathroom or give them as gifts. No other towel—local or imported—is thicker, more absorbent, more beautiful and yet Dri-Glo prices are so easy on your budget.



# YOUTH SUMS UP

Conducted by KAY MELAUN



## Teenagers give their ideas about what's wrong with parents

TWO girls came my way this week who had struck parent trouble. What their respective parents would have to say on the subject of their daughters would be interesting, too, for, as all the world knows, a teenager is a complicated person. Although the girls didn't say so and may not even think so yet, their stories illustrate the theory that parent trouble is a disease most commonly suffered by children at the age of 15; that it can be nearly as painful for parents, and twice as worrying.

**TAKE PAT.** There is surely a rebel Irish ancestor responsible for her sooty-lashed blue eyes and stubborn chin. She is 15, an only child. Her father is away during the week. "I virtually haven't got a father," she said.

"I think Mum would be different if there were more children. She would have wider interests and she wouldn't have her mind centred on one person all the time."

It transpired that Pat was talking from the crux of a crisis typical of a series of mother-daughter flare-ups occurring since Pat was 12. The trouble had started two days before, when Pat had gone home after work and night

work. "I was hungry and tired and didn't feel like talking," she said. "But Mum started on her usual thing and I never talked to her. Then I said I wanted to wash my hair, and Mum said, 'Must you?' I started to talk about something else, but Mum broke in and said, 'Can't you wash it on Friday night?' And it went on from there at night."

"I said I didn't want to talk and just wanted some peace. Mum said, 'A mere child of 15 wanting some peace! The very idea of it!'"

The next morning Pat refused to eat breakfast. That evening she went home to say she was going to stay at a girl-friend's place.

"Mum was ironing," Pat said. "I told her what I was doing and she just picked up some pyjamas of mine she'd ironed and threw them at me. So I walked out."

She added moodily: "Mum's always asking me questions."

"If I walked across the room with something in my hand she'd ask me what I have and what I'm doing and why. I haven't got any privacy at a minute to myself. After all, I never ask her what she's got in her hand."

"She doesn't consider I'm worth listening to. But I think my opinions count, too. I always listen to her if she's talking. Heaven help me if I didn't."

"Another thing: Mum never sets the table properly. Dad makes the same complaint. She always forgets to buy vinegar and if I want salt I have to go and get it myself. She never puts sugar on the table because she doesn't like sugar."

Pat told me that if she had a girl of her own she wouldn't treat her "as a child."

"It's really Mum who's childish," she added. "If I had trouble at work I couldn't tell Mum about it because she worries and panics and runs round and gets theatrical."

I asked Pat what her mother was like. "She looks young," was the reply, "but she's not. She'll be 40 next birthday."

She added, in an attempt to be fair to this mother, whom she admitted, in a small, grudging voice, she loved: "Oh, at times Mum's a good companion, and you can tell her a lot. She doesn't stop me going out and lets me pick my own clothes."

When I saw Pat later that day she looked shamefaced. "I've decided to go home and fix things up with Mum," she said.

Second thoughts had proved best.

**WENDY** asked for a little time to think over her answers. I found out that this was characteristic. She is a brown-eyed, black-haired girl of 17 who likes to get her ideas sorted out. There wasn't much time, because she was visiting from a northern city for the day with her elder brother.

Wendy said that when she was 15 and 16 she was always fighting at home.

"I guess it was mostly because I was a bit muddled up," she said.

"I was in a bit of a spot. I left school early and had no girl-friends. I wasn't happy, and that was the trouble."

"About twelve months ago Dad gave me a book and made me read it. Since then things have been a lot better. That book really helped me. It's 'How to Win Friends

and Influence People.' Of course, I still sometimes have rows. When I fight with Mum it's nearly always my fault and I can see it and apologise. But it's different with Dad. I think I've got his temper and we're so much alike that we don't hit it off."

The cause of present troubles is music. "Dad's a professional musician," said Wendy, "and he wants me to play in a band, too."

"I start practising and he says, 'You're not in dance time.' Well, I don't mean it to be in dance time, but he keeps on referring to the dance time. So I get up and walk away."

"And he's always at me about not speaking clearly. You see, if I'm telling something I ramble a bit. Mum and my brother know what I mean. But Dad doesn't—he's a bit slow—and then he's at me for mumbling when I talk."

"Now that I'm older I realise more and more that Dad's trying to help me. But he's got a way of implying I'm only doing it for your own good—that gets my back up."

Wendy thought for a moment, then added, "Dad was always saying that although young people think their parents don't know anything, they really do. But it wasn't any use his telling me all the time. That was something I had to find out for myself."

"When you grow up you realise how much your parents do know."



ONE of the surprises of the record world is the sudden light to popularity of Vera Lynn's "Auf Wiedersehen, Sweetheart." Personally, I'd hoped never to hear her again. The song, in which she's supported by soldiers and airmen of Her Majesty's Forces, is topped the American hit parade. It's an appealing tune, and so well put over that I recall all I've said about Vera in the past. Laughing is "The Parting Song." Number is Y6402.

ANOTHER surprise was to hear two old-timers, "In-

## DISC DIGEST

dian Love Call" and "Jeannine," sung by none other than Louis Armstrong—hardly the way the composers imagined, I'm sure, but Louis is terrific and Gordon Jenkins' Orchestra fairly sizzles. (Y6390.)

**FRANKIE**—which has come to mean Leine, not Sinatra—is available on D03523 in a double that has everything. First is "High Noon," featured in the film of the same name, a top hit in the States. The flipover is

one that may have caught your fancy if you saw the recent revival of Bing in "We're Not Dressing." It's "She Reminds Me of You." Bing's song to the pet bear.

**TWO** favorites of the '20's, which were danced by legs in rolled stockings and baggy flannels, prove, under the nimble treatment of Frank Petty's Trio, that they've lost none of their pace and sparkle. They're "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby" and "Sweet Jennie Lee." (MGM5118.)

—BERNARD FLETCHER.



ALWAYS MATCH  
NEVER CLASH!

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THE ALL PURPOSE BUTTON  
Always Matches—Never Clashes



THEY WASH—THEY DRY CLEAN  
HOT IRONS CANNOT HURT THEM

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Hot irons can't hurt them—They launder beautifully  
You can tell dry-cleaners they're guaranteed!

It's the iridescent "Opal-like" finish that enables you to match florals, plains, all the new weaves for spring! You can take any type of fabric in any depth of color—light or dark—and your "Opal-Glo" buttons will reflect its color. No other buttons "pick-up" fabric colors like Beutron "Opal-Glo" buttons.



**Beutron**  
boil-tested white buttons

Won't crack, discolor or lose their lustre, no matter how often they're boiled or dry-cleaned! Boil-tested in every known brand of soap-powder. Your money back if they deteriorate in any way! 1/6 per card with two yards of matching cotton.



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## The KRAFT CHEDDAR

# SIZZLER

SANDWICH  
the NEW cheese  
sandwich supper  
RAGE!



EASY TO MAKE  
FULL OF NOURISHMENT  
-AND WHAT A FLAVOUR.

Here's how you can  
make this Kraft **SIZZLER**  
tonight!

### Kraft "Sizzler"

Toast two slices of bread on one side only. Butter untoasted sides. Place sliced tomato and Kraft Cheddar on buttered side of one slice, and pickled onion and Kraft Cheddar on buttered side of other slice. Now put each slice under grill. While they are grilling, toast a third slice of bread on both sides, and butter one side. Now place the grilled slices on top of each other, and put the plain toasted slice on top. There you have it—the double-decker supper sandwich—Kraft "Sizzler"

### Here's Something Different for Those Daily Packed Lunches

Quick and easy to make in that early morning rush:

Sliced Kraft Cheddar with shredded carrot and beetroot.

Sliced Kraft Cheddar with pineapple shreds.

Sliced Kraft Cheddar mixed with tomato sauce and chopped onion.

Shredded Kraft Cheddar mixed with minced cold meat and a dash of Worcestershire sauce.

Sliced Kraft Cheddar with mayonnaise, mustard or pickle.

### The 3-DECKER "VITALITY" Sandwich for parties — afternoon teas

Shred cucumber, carrot, crisp lettuce, toss with Kraft Mayonnaise. Trim crust from 6 slices wholemeal bread. 3 slices white bread. Cover half the wholemeal bread with slices of Kraft Cheddar, top with white slices. On these spread the salad filling, and cover with the wholemeal bread.

Kraft Cheddar is richer than sirloin beef in nourishing protein. Puts extra food values into sandwiches for work or school — vitamins A, B<sub>2</sub> and D, plus calories and the milk minerals, calcium and phosphates. What a bargain in nutrition!

## KRAFT CHEDDAR



### OUR GARDENING SERVICE

READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Any ONE of the following titles may be selected:

- How to Grow Good Chrysanthemums.
- Springtime in the Rockeries.
- Growing Vegetables for the Home.
- How to Grow Good Carnations.

Name of leaflet (one only) .....

Stamped (3d.), addressed envelope is enclosed.

# Worth Reporting

WEDNESDAY lunch-time services, at which "tonic cards" are issued to the congregations, are drawing big crowds to St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, Macquarie Street, Sydney.

There is standing room only in the church.

The pews, which seat about 1000, are crowded with people from all walks of life—members of Parliament from Parliament House across the road, Macquarie St. doctors, nurses, and public servants from near-by Government offices.

The "tonic cards" on which the half-hour services are based have been introduced by the Rev. Gordon Powell, recently inducted minister of St. Stephen's.

"The 'tonic card' is an American idea combining psychology and religion," Mr. Powell told us. "I introduced them to my congregations at the Collins St. Independent Church, Melbourne, about four years ago. They were a great success."

There are 12 "tonic cards" in the present series. Each card has a colored view of St. Stephen's and a text on the front.

Some of the "tonic card" subjects are "How to conquer fear," "Live one day at a time," "Drain off your depression," "The answer to loneliness," "Pray more — worry less."

At the services, Mr. Powell gives a short address on the subject for the week.

Middle-aged and elderly women were in the majority at the service we attended, but there were also large numbers of young men and women.

The volunteer choir of 46, mostly young people, overflowed the choir stalls.

"Only a handful of the people here to-day are members of my regular congregations," Mr. Powell explained. "The others are not all Presbyterians. They represent many denominations."

A WOMAN shopper inspecting lettuce on a street stall the other day had her query answered in reassuring terms by the stall owner:

"Have they got hearts, lady? Their hearts are just like mine!"

### Catching a husband on holidays

IF you haven't been able to catch a husband during 49 weeks of the year, don't expect miracles of the other three weeks of holidays.

This is the advice of Carletto Franzoni, who runs a holiday resort on Long Island U.S.A.

From years of observation Carletto has worked out these holiday don'ts:

- Don't go away with a prettier, younger girl-friend. The competition is unfair.
- Don't travel in droves. One or two girls at a time are all any man can cope with.
- Don't sit on stools; the rear view, broadly speaking, is unflattering.
- Don't talk about your job. You'll be a bore.
- Don't gossip or criticise when men are present. It makes them feel insecure.



"Unexpected office party. The boss broke his leg last night."

### Beard-growers, ahoy!

A BEARD-GROWING contest in aid of the St. George Hospital, Sydney, is likely to fail, according to publicity man moustachioed Reg Kelly.

"You'd think that plenty of blokes would be glad of an excuse to stop shaving," he said sadly.

"When we thought up the competition and called for beard-growers, we hoped that there would be some fine, flourishing beards produced in the set time of eight weeks."

"There hasn't been a soul. I've tried to persuade the local oyster-growers and members of the R.S.L. into it, but they all say, 'A bloke'd look a fool'."

Mr. Kelly sighed gloomily. "In fact, Chips Rafferty, who was to have been the judge, seems to be the only possibility. He says he wouldn't mind growing a beard again," he said.

But, according to Reg Kelly, there is still time to enter and win a supply of razor blades as a prize.

The beard-growers (if any) must present themselves at Moorefield racecourse on November 8, when the first annual show of the St. George District will be held to celebrate St. George Hospital's diamond jubilee.

The Balmmain and District Hospital Development Committee, Sydney, is also calling for beard-growers to come forward on November 15, when a festival will open to raise money for a nurses' recreation hut.

### LONDON TALK

By Michael Plant

NEWS that John Steinbeck's novel "East of Eden" has rocketed into the best-seller lists reminds me of a curious incident that happened to the novelist when he was in London recently.

Among all the usual Press interviews was the strange statement that Steinbeck had a passion for hardware stores and intended to spend all his spare time in London inspecting them.

Almost immediately there came an invitation from Buckingham Palace for Mr. Steinbeck "to inspect the plumbing arrangements at the Palace."

Mr. Steinbeck said he was most honored, but thought he had best decline, in case he was asked awkward questions beyond the range of his meagre technical knowledge.

THE Kensington home of Sir Douglas Fairbanks has been burgled for the third time this year.

It is hardly surprising, because the film star turned diplomat has a newly acquired coat-of-arms emblazoned on his front gate.

Sir Douglas has also tried to start a new fashion among well-decorated men by wearing all his medal ribbons on a velvet smoking-jacket.

SMART West End interior decorators are trying to launch a new Chinese style.

The new trend does not mean that your sitting-room is ablaze with red lacquer and cluttered with Buddhas. Quite the opposite.

Walls and floors in gentle pastel shades of oyster and mandarin-yellow are a background for Oriental antiques, which mix well with elegant Regency furniture made at a time when England was in love with the East.

Finishing touches are given by Chinese vases made into lamps and embroidered silk screens.

### RIVETS



## HOW TO WAKE UP WELL



After a party, take a couple of QUICK-EZE when you go to bed. You'll wake up fit as a fiddle—no acid stomach, no heartburn, no party "hangover." QUICK-EZE neutralises excess acidity in seconds, restores the digestive balance and soothe delicate stomach and intestinal linings. Keep a handy pack of QUICK-EZE by your bed.



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**QUICK-EZE**  
for  
**INDIGESTION**

AND FEEL FIT AS A FIDDLE

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You can rest content



that **NILE** *Erim-Sheet* SHEETS AND PILLOWCASES are the finest you can buy!

Five Art sheets, manufactured from famous Super English flannel, are either furnished or scalloped. Nile Art pillowcases are hemstitched, embroidered or in plain housewife style. All are reasonably priced and retain their texture and whiteness after constant laundering.

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Five colors — Black • Dark Tan • Mid Tan • Tan • Brown • Mahogany • On Black • Blue • Neutral. All in the Open-in-a-Flash tin



AUSTRALIA'S BIGGEST SELLING SHOE POLISH

MOTHER



ELIZABETH MACINTYRE

"I just thought I'd LIKE to spend a day in bed."

BUTCH



"Yeah, I plan to visit a couple other houses to-night. Why?"

# It seems to me

**H**AS the weather round your way been too hot, too cold, too windy, or too wet lately?

Probably it has, and just as probably there are a few people going round muttering that it's because of Monte Bello.

The radioactive hailstones in Adelaide cheered them up in a dismal kind of way. It just went to show, they said.

As a staunch follower of the open-mind or you-could-be-right school, I don't want to throw cold water on their theories.

Still, it's perhaps worth mentioning that I met a girl the other day who said her grandfather always blamed all the bad weather on to Admiral Byrd.

Hail, rain, snow, or scorchers, he maintained that none of it would have occurred if Admiral Byrd hadn't gone messing round in the Antarctic.

By



Dorothy Drain

**A** PUBLIC relations officer, back from Korea, brings news of the American Army's economy campaign on the battle-front.

He says that practically every item used by the American Army in Korea—arms, clothing, even dentists' drills and hospital tables—bears a price tag saying that the item costs the taxpayer so many dollars.

The scheme is designed to make troops conscious of the high cost of keeping an army in the field.

One wonders how troops

feel about this.

They could be pardoned for thinking it might be more apt to let the taxpayers know the high cost to an army of being in the field.

That cost, in human lives, in lost limbs, in suffering, can hardly be measured in dollars.

It is to be hoped no similar bright idea is introduced for the Australian Army serving overseas.

**C**HILDREN are taught early that it isn't polite to call people liars, so they tend to use terms like "fibber" and "story-teller."

Parents try to explain to them that things aren't always true or false. Maybe they just seem false.

The Navy, that efficient organisation, has the problem by the throat. Recently a British tanker officer said in Darwin that he had seen an unidentifiable submarine 800 miles north-west of Darwin the night before the Monte Bello explosion.

Minister for the Navy, Mr. McMahon, commented: "The Navy Office have given the report a low reliability rating."

**C**ENTRAL AFRICAN AIRWAYS have decided to charge women a lower fare than men, according to a report in an American paper.

The difference is based on women's "lower earning capacity and lower weight."

This seems like a fine chivalrous move, and I am all for it.

Although it never occurred to me to expect a cheaper fare because of my sex, I have always felt that a lightweight ought to be allowed more luggage. The airways people take a strictly masculine view on the subject and talk about averages when you mention the thought.

A cheaper fare would be just as good, because you could spend what you save on excess luggage.

**S**ERVICE in shops is very good nowadays, and just how ready the stores are to please the customer was shown to me the other day.

I went to buy a blouse. The salesgirl ran the tape round me and then asked politely, "Do you call yourself a 32 or a 34?"



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SOAP

A doctor writes about . . .

# Some of my patients

Rheumatic fever "bites the heart"

Housewives need recreation

I SAW Rose Lessey last week at her mother's urgent request.

"I'm sorry to call you out so late, doctor," Mrs. Lessey apologised, "but Rose is so sick and hot that I'm worried. She's wet with perspiration, too."

"When did she become ill?" I asked.

"About two days ago this time," said her mother.

"Has she been ill like this before?"

"She gets sick and overheated at times. I suppose she's outgrown her strength. She's so tall for 16."

"She comes home from school sometimes feeling sick and hot, especially after sports day. I usually give her an aspirin and put her to bed, and she's better in the morning."

"But yesterday," Mrs. Lessey went on, "well, to tell the truth, she's mad on tennis, even though it makes her so tired, and yesterday she played all the afternoon and came home done in. I think she imagines she's that champion Little Jo, or whatever her name is."

"Oh, Mum, I don't!" murmured the sick girl.

"Anyway," her mother said, worriedly, "the aspirin and bed did no good this time. She's worse."

"Well, Rose," I said, when I finished examining her, "you're not built like Little What's-her-name, you know. If I remember pictures of her, she's a short, sturdy girl."

"Rose's temperature and pulse rate are very high," I told her mother. "All her joints are extremely tender. It looks as though she has rheumatic fever. Has she often had these joint pains before?"

"Nothing like this, doctor," said Mrs. Lessey, "but she's al-

ways had growing pains on and off."

"And I suppose she's always become tired easily?" I asked.

"Yes. Her teacher told me recently she thought Rose was run down."

Rose was admitted to hospital next day. She was treated with sodium salicylate to relieve the severe joint pain.

Complete rest and constant nursing will be essential to her, as rheumatic fever is a real threat to the heart.

It has been said that this disease is like a dog which "only licks the joints but bites the heart."

Rose must not even wash herself and will need frequent sponging because of excessive perspiration. She will need a diet rich in vitamins.

Blood tests were done on the girl to show what activity the fever had reached in her blood. Other tests showed that Rose had an anaemia caused by the disease.

The heart specialist who saw her was optimistic, as her heart so far showed no signs of damage.

She needs careful, regular examinations to note any effect on her heart. The electro-cardiograph is a machine which helps in keeping a check on this.

There is no certain cause for rheumatic fever, but the person, like Rose Lessey, who gets it has a specific sensitivity to a group of germs known as the streptococcus.

It's an anxious time for Rose's parents and a critical one for the girl. All we can do is being done to offset the effects of rheumatic fever on her heart and future health.

Growing pains are still believed by many parents to be nothing more than the name suggests. Such pains in children may be of a rheumatic origin and if they persist the wise parent will seek medical advice.

THE Whiteheads drove past last night as my wife and I were driving into the garage. "Good-night, doctor," Mrs. Whitehead called gaily. "We've seen an awfully good film—and the house is simply covered with dust!"

My wife was puzzled and I didn't enlighten her.

When Mrs. Whitehead consulted me six weeks ago she was, like many young mothers, inexplicably ill.

"I'm not sick," she protested, "but since my baby arrived I've been headachy and irritable and just haven't the energy to go anywhere with my husband."

"I haven't got time to keep the house clean, let alone enjoy any recreation. But it must be wrong to feel this way over just living."

"Not just living, Mrs. Whitehead," I said, "but living."

"I'd say that when your baby came you were unhappy if you had to 'let things go' in the house and you tired yourself out keeping things spick-and-span."

"There's your problem. It's not a big one, really, but it could become enormous if you don't change your over-conscientious attitude right now."

"It's no good trying to have super standards of house-keeping these days. You'd need an automatic maid and a magic purse."

"Life will bring more responsibility, not less, so don't wait for a golden age of leisure. Everyone needs recreation and you must make sure you get it. Leave the dishes in the sink, as the song says, and darn the dust."

All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living person. We regret that our doctor cannot answer inquiries.

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
1. Glide swiftly to the food served and take all the tricks (4, 2, 9).
  2. One (4).
  3. Patch of ground shape in this raised level surface (4).
  4. Cannot exceed 147 pounds (6).
  5. Planting with a rapid dash in water-side plant (6).
  6. Tee crandy (ANAG. 9).
  7. Prayer or I and the son (4).
  8. Glad tidings if it were fifty more could be an instruction to go and make words out of letters (10).
  9. One's better which may use or rip (10).
  10. Bookie in whirl (4).
  11. Criminal old scrap to a capital edict is snaring (13, 3, 2, 1, 4).

**Solution will be published next week.**

**DOWN**

1. Marvel which is now red (6).
2. Coated wick turned about on a plug (5).
3. Stimulation even if the unsettled beginning is late (7).
4. Bid (5).
5. Most exceptional are inside (6).
6. Small bird with the French designation (5).
7. Onat ion (ANAG. 7).
8. Flowers more renowned for war than for peace (5).
9. Game bird of our deceased King on an English river (6).
10. Instant of a story surrounded by a seal (6).
11. Weapon which can parse (5).
12. Well-known star has a dress with nothing on (5).

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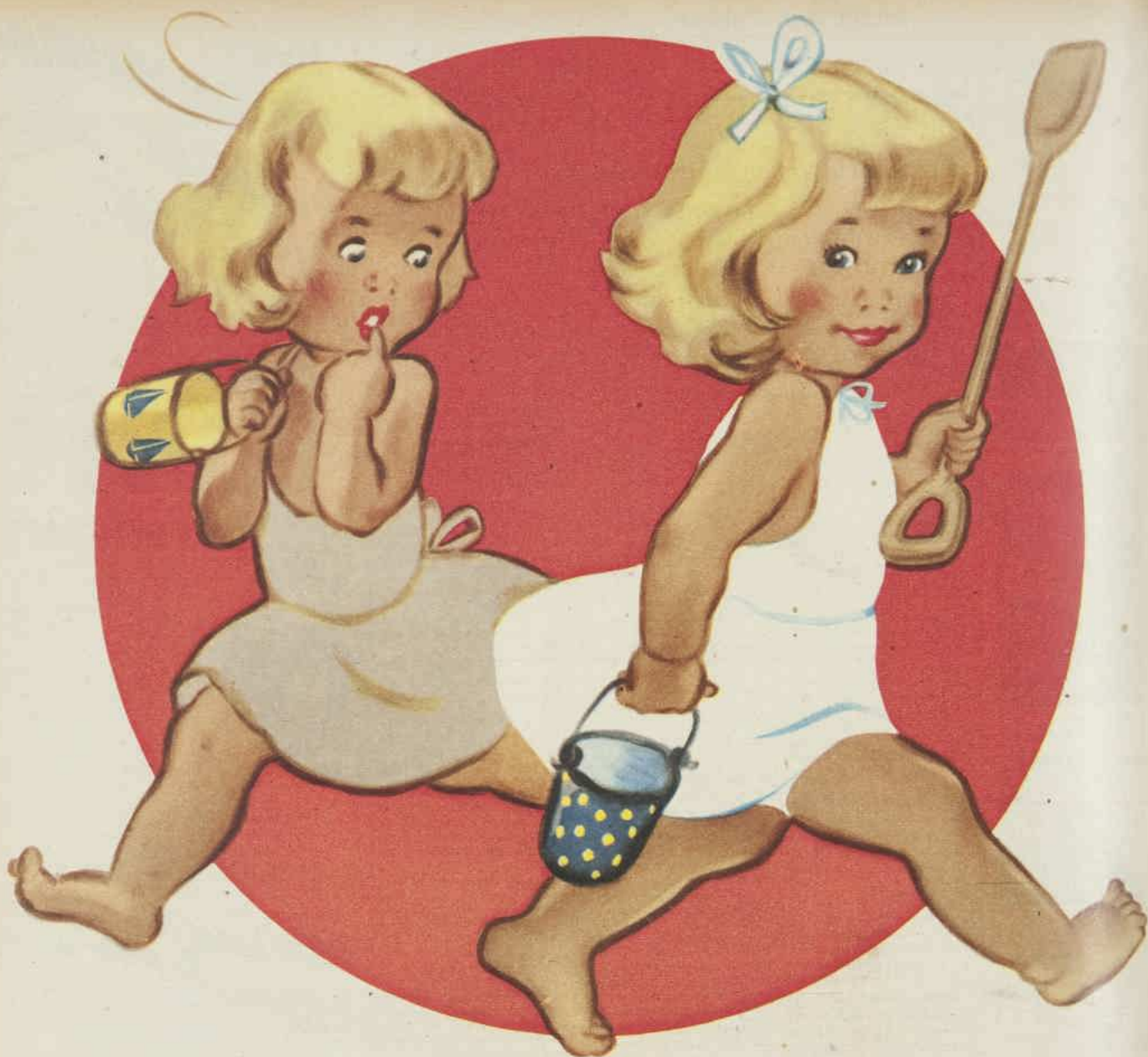
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# Round-up of Hollywood celebrities



**FAMILY AT HOME.** Husky film favorite Jeff Chandler and his red-haired wife, Marjorie, join their daughters, Jamie and baby Dore, on the nursery floor, which is decorated with game-boards. Chandler's movie career continues to flourish. He plays a virile American sea commander in Universal's "Yankee Buccaneer."



**STAR-GUESTS GUEST.** Ginger Rogers, one of Hollywood's most colorful characters, chats off set with producer-writer Nunnally Johnson about her comedy role in "Dream Boat" (Fox). Ginger dances the Charleston again in "Dream Boat," in which she plays a screen queen of silent movies opposite Clifton Webb.



**HUSBAND AND WIFE.** Shelley Winters and her Italian-born husband, Vittorio Gassman, face the elements. Volatile Shelley insists that she is starred in the oddest role of her film career in "Untamed Frontier" (Universal). "They've got me playing a sweet, honest-as-the-day-is-long girl," says Shelley. "For me, that's some switch."





**2 DISHEARTENED** Ed visits his divorced wife, Nora (Kim Hunter), whom he still loves. Nora tells him she is to marry again.



**3 STAFF** meeting is held after one of the reporters is kidnapped and beaten-up by thugs in the employ of underworld boss Rienzi. Ed orders investigation and airing of affair.



## DEADLINE — U.S.A.

**1 DECISION** to sell paper shocks editor Ed Hutchison (Humphrey Bogart) and part-owner Mrs. John Garrison (Ethel Barrymore).



**5 BODY** of a girl is identified as Sally Schmidt (Ann McCrea). "The Day" prints a story pointing out link between Sally and Rienzi.

● The drama of "Deadline—U.S.A." (Twentieth Century-Fox) is set against the background of an American metropolitan newspaper and depicts the last days in the existence of a big city daily. The story is told in documentary style.



**6 STATEMENT** by Sally's brother Herman (Joseph De Santis) proves Rienzi is implicated in the murder. Before he can sign the statement, however, Herman meets a violent death at the hands of Rienzi's men.



**7 SHOEBOX** produced by Mrs. Schmidt (Kasia Orzazewski) contains diary and data about Rienzi's crime syndicate, which assures his conviction for Sally's death.

**4 INCENSED** by publicity in "The Day," Rienzi (Martin Gabel) demands legal action of his lawyer.



**8 RECONCILED** with Ed, Nora realises that she must take second place to his crusading for a free Press.

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# Olivier protege is now a movie star

From BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

Out of the ranks of the famous Old Vic Company, which toured Australia in 1950, has come a star for British films.

HE is Terence Morgan, a handsome Londoner with a tousled push-back hair-do and a smile like the sun rising.

He will soon be seen in a string of starring roles—in the fading hit "Mandy," as a Latin philanderer in "It Started in Paradise," and in "The Steel Key" and "The Policeman."

Terence, who has a pedigree of classic stage roles as long as your arm, is now so busy dealing with tempting film offers that he hardly has time to look around.

His only worry is that the movies want to type-cast him as a handsome villain who attracts women and "does them dirt." It is one of the current box-office fads. This new convention is a long way from his first classic film role—as Laertes in Olivier's "Hamlet."

The offers have been rolling in ever since he partnered Glynn Johns in the "Gigolo and Gigolette" sequence of "Fanny," the latest of the Somerset Maugham short-story films.

It was this that first started the big-career ball rolling for steady-smiling Terence.

"Right on top of it I got my first offer of a long-term contract," he told me.

"But I was scared at the idea. I asked Sir Laurence Olivier what he thought about it. I knew that these things happen only once in the lifetime of most actors and are to be grabbed while they are hot."

"But Larry gave me the toughest advice I've had in my life. He said, 'I think you'd be right to knock it back for a while and feel your way around in screen work till you know it well.'"

So I refused offers of contract and quick stardom rather tremblingly. My consolation was the lesson of other actors being boosted to stardom too quickly and flopping; but I was afraid I wouldn't get another offer.

But the offer has come, and

it finds Terence ready with a solid basis for lasting as a star.

"Laurence Olivier was right," he said. "The game of 'softly, softly, catchee monkey' has paid off."

The Oliviers have been great friends and mentors to Terence Morgan on his path to stardom.

Terence's daughter was born during the making of the film "Hamlet," so she was called Livia Lee in honor of Morgan's "fairly godparents."

"If it had been a boy, it would have been 'Olivier Leigh,'" Terence said.

Miss Livia Lee Morgan is a real film baby. Her mother is actress Georgina Jelme, her godparents Richard Attenborough and his wife, Sheila Sim.

## Warm hospitality

"THE toughest competition

I have ever had as an actor has come from Australians," Terence told me. "While we were out in Australia I broadcast several times and acted in a couple of radio plays. Georgina and I broadcast in 'Winterset' and brought a recording of it back to England with us."

"I thought it might be a nice idea to show this round, then, as a sample of my work."

"But when we got back home we played it over. Sitting on the listening end of it was quite an experience—a humbling one."

"Frankly, I didn't have the courage to show that recording round as an example of my work."

"Man," he said, and grinned ruefully, "those Australians in the cast were good."

"Another thing which shook us about Australia was the enthusiasm of the public for good plays and for the Old Vic stars."

"I remember driving in a car between Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh down Collins St., Melbourne, and seeing hosts of people start waving when they recognised them."



TERENCE MORGAN, the Old Vic Company actor who has become a film star. Morgan toured Australia with Sir Laurence Olivier in 1948.

Men stopped in the street and raised their hats. I think Australian hospitality was the thing I most remember.

"There was one thing—on the way back—which came close to it. At sea I started suffering from an impacted wisdom tooth. The ship's doctor was quite happy to 'have a go' at pulling it out, but I cabled ahead to Panama to arrange for a proper dentist."

"He turned out to be an American. Say!" he said, peering into my mouth. "That's real nasty. Yessir, real nasty. Lemme see—here!"

"And it was out! 'Now, sir,' he said, 'lemme see—how

much do they allow you to land with?'"

"Five dollars," I replied. "Say, well that's fine! Because my fee is exactly five dollars!"

"I murmured weakly that I had hoped to get my wife a couple of pairs of nylons."

"But the doctor said firmly, 'I'm sorry, Mr. Morgan. That's my fee!'"

"Just before the boat pulled away from the quay a messenger came whizzing up on deck with a parcel, shouting for me."

"Inside were two pairs of nylons with a note from the doctor: 'For your wife.'"

## ★ As I read the stars ★

By EVE HILLIARD ★

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20): If you feel it's Aries against the world, accept the challenge on October 28 and win. Beware of accidents October 31, November 2 for a bit of velvet.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20): Going all out for someone you love? October 28 happy but extravagant. October 30 may bring surprise invitations, a compliment, or a desirable present.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): Intense activity October 29 will be worth all the drive that goes into any Gemini scheme; results justify the effort. Be careful what you sign on November 3.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22): Party-going plans, a bunch of flowers from the boy friend or a lucky strike in speculation brighten October 28. Ask no favors, start no enterprises November 1. Be patient for a while.

**LEO** (July 23-August 22): October 28 favors spring cleaning, home sewing, and all domestic arts. November 1 inclines towards small disappointments, minor accidents, or disputes. It's up to you to avoid them where you can.

**VIRGO** (August 23-September 24): Information received on October 29 may have an important bearing on future plans for travel, holidays, changes of residence or occupation. November 3 a frost.

**LIBRA** (September 24-October 23): You could be lured into a most expensive proposition on October 28, or into relying on the promises of irresponsible people. October 30 provides a sounder basis.

**SCORPIO** (October 24-November 22): October 31 could be trying unless you exercise great self-control. Refuse to quarrel, and November 2 will bring happiness.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23-December 20): A quieter week than most, yet below the surface coming events are shaping. Indications on October 29 and November 2 should encourage you to keep going.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21-January 19): Don't expect much of October 31; postponements, delays, last-minute changes are probable. November 3 is fine for everything except business.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 19): October 28 may spring a first-rate, most welcome surprise with fascinating possibilities. October 31 carries a danger signal.

**PISCES** (February 20-March 20): If October 30 marks the birth of a bright idea, don't allow October 31 to dampen your spirits. Many Pisceans will be on their way on November 2.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

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SINGERS are in demand again in Hollywood. Here Lauritz Melchior, one of the world's best Wagnerian tenors, sings with crooner Rosemary Clooney (left) and young Italian coloratura soprano Anna Maria Alberghetti in a new film. Two singing newcomers, Tom Morton and Bob Lowe (right), are in the background.

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does much more than other foundations I've used. And I  
truly like the way it keeps my skin soft—in any kind of weather."  
FW23

## Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ **The Sound Barrier**  
USING a Terence Rattigan story in "The Sound Barrier" (British-Lion), ace producer-director David Lean gives British aviation a magnificent boost and at the same time provides filmgoers with fascinating entertainment.

"The Sound Barrier" is a saga of the development of jet-propelled aircraft in Britain. It combines this topical story of man's conquest of space and speed with a nice mixture of human appeal.

Lean, who is the real-life husband of film star Ann Todd, has directed his three stars—Todd, Ralph Richardson, and Nigel Patrick—and a talented supporting cast with restraint and understanding of the emotional upheavals experienced by the group of

people caught up in the history-making project of flying faster than sound.

All the characters are real, but Ralph Richardson's dour aircraft manufacturer dominates the film.

From the moment it becomes clear that Richardson is not merely an ambitious businessman with a mania about speed but a pioneer who recognises air superiority as a force for the future, the purpose of his work becomes clear to the layman.

Nigel Patrick and John Justin give first-rate performances as, respectively, the test pilot who loses his life and the heady flier who succeeds in crashing the sound barrier.

Aeronautical technicalities have been simplified to come within the grasp of the least air-minded filmgoer, and aerial scenes, stunningly photographed, are really exciting.

In Sydney—Embassy.

## CITY FILM GUIDE

### Films reviewed

**CIVIC.**—"South of Pago Pago," adventure starring Jon Hall, Victor McLaglen, Frances Farmer. Plus "Woman of the Town," Western starring Claire Trevor, Albert Decker. (Both re-releases.)

**EMBASSY.**—★★★ "The Sound Barrier," aircraft drama starring Sir Ralph Richardson, Ann Todd, Nigel Patrick. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

**ESQUIRE.**—★★ "The Big Trees," technicolor outdoor drama starring Kirk Douglas, Eve Miller. Plus "Always Together," domestic drama starring Robert Hutton.

**LIBERTY AND ST. JAMES.**—★★ "Lovely To Look At," technicolor musical starring Red Skelton, Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel. Plus featurettes.

**LYCEUM.**—★ "Francis Goes to West Point," comedy starring Donald O'Connor, Lori Nelson. Plus ★★ "Has Anybody Seen My Gal?" technicolor comedy starring Rock Hudson, Piper Laurie, Charles Coburn.

**LYRIC.**—★ "Red Mountain," technicolor Western starring Alan Ladd, Elizabeth Scott. Plus "Night at Earl Carroll's," musical comedy. (Both re-releases.)

**PALACE.**—★ "The Green Glove," suspense drama starring Glenn Ford, Geraldine Brooks, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Plus "Up in Mabel's Room," comedy starring Dennis O'Keefe, Binnie Barnes. (Re-release.)

**PLAZA.**—★★★ "High Noon," Western starring Gary Cooper, Lloyd Bridges, Katy Jurado. Plus "One Big Affair," comedy starring Dennis O'Keefe, Evelyn Keyes.

**PRINCE EDWARD.**—★★ "Carrie," period social drama starring Sir Laurence Olivier, Jennifer Jones. Plus featurettes.

**VARIETY.**—★★ "To-morrow Is Too Late," Italian language drama starring Pier Angeli, Vittorio de Sica. Plus featurettes.

### Films not yet reviewed

**CAPITOL.**—"My Outlaw Brother," Western starring Mickey Rooney, Wanda Hendrix, Robert Preston. Plus "Out of the Blue," romantic comedy starring George Brent, Virginia Mayo. (Re-release.)

**CENTURY.**—"Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie," technicolor drama starring Jean Peters, David Wayne, Hugh Marlowe. Plus featurettes.

**MAYFAIR.**—"Lydia Bailey," technicolor drama starring Anne Francis, Dale Robertson. Plus "Red Planet Mars," pseudo-scientific drama starring Andrea King.

**PARK.**—"San Francisco Story," period adventure starring Joel McCrea, Yvonne de Carlo. Plus "High Conquest," adventure starring Anna Lee, Gilbert Roland. (Re-release.)

**REGENT.**—"Dreamboat," romantic comedy starring Clifton Webb, Ginger Rogers. Plus "The Narrow Margin," thriller starring Charles McGraw, Marie Winsor.

**SAVOY.**—"Pagliacci," Italian film opera starring Tito Gobbi, Gina Lollobrigida, Alfio Poli. Plus "Storm in a Tencup," comedy starring Rex Harrison, Vivien Leigh. (Re-release.)

**STATE.**—"Ten Tall Men," adventure starring Burt Lancaster, Gilbert Roland, Michael Pate.

**VICTORY.**—"The Dark Page," newspaper drama starring Broderick Crawford, Donna Reed. Plus "Texas Ranger," Western starring George Montgomery.

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## HISTORIC CUP FILM

Two French cameramen filmed the Melbourne Cup in 1896. Recently an Australian living in Paris heard of these unique film records and persuaded the museum authorities to make photographic prints of some of the scenes. The most interesting of these are reproduced in the November issue of A.M.

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# Grand eating!

## Bakeo Apple Pie with tasty Maxam Cheese

Once your family tastes this delicious Bakeo Apple Pie, served American fashion with slices of delicious Maxam cheese on top, they'll want it again and again. The secret of success is the rich, tender, golden crust — and even if you've never made pastry before, YOU can make it the quick, easy Maxam Bakeo way! No tedious cutting-in shortening — Bakeo is blended by machine for you more thoroughly than ever possible by hand! And besides pastry, you can make all kinds of other things with versatile Bakeo — recipes on every packet.

### SPECIAL RECIPE — MAXAM

#### APPLE PIE WITH CHEESE

1/2 packet Bakeo; 2 tablespoons water; 1 1/2 cups lightly cooked apples; 2 tablespoons currants; 2 tablespoons sultanas; 1/2 teaspoon spice; 1 dessert-spoon sugar; Maxam Cheese.

Mix Bakeo and water to a stiff dough. Cut in two portions and roll out to about quarter-inch thick. Line pie dish with pastry and moisten edges. Mix apples, currants and sultanas, add

spice and sugar. Place in pastry shell. Place remaining pastry on top; crimp edges. Cut slits in top to allow steam to escape while baking. Place pie in hot oven (450°) and reduce to moderate (350°-400°) as soon as pastry rim begins to tint. Bake until golden brown. Before serving, place thin slices of Maxam cheese on top of each slice. The combination is really delicious!

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# Simple Service

● Meals which take little time to prepare, and which may be served buffet style or on a tray, reduce the tasks of the busy homemaker.

BY OUR FOOD  
AND COOKERY  
EXPERTS



**S**IMPLE food is generally the most delicious food. The keynote of the recipes on this page is simplicity both in preparation and service.

All spoon measurements are level.

## MEAT LOAF

One pound minced steak, 1 lb. pork sausages,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup peeled chopped tomatoes, 2 rashers chopped bacon, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, pepper and salt to taste, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 1 lb. coarsely grated potato, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 1 egg.

Combine steak, skinned sausages, breadcrumbs, and all flavoring ingredients. Bind with beaten egg. Fill into greased loaf-tin, cover top with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 hours. Serve sliced (hot or cold) with chutney.

## JELLIED TOMATO SOUP

Two cups tomato juice, 1 cup hot water, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, salt and pepper to taste, 1 teaspoon sugar, 3 dessertspoons

gelatine, chopped mint or parsley.

Mix tomato juice, water, sauce, and onion. Season to taste with salt, pepper, and sugar, adding a little extra sugar if desired. Stir in gelatine dissolved thoroughly in an extra  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup hot water. Pour into a wetted basin. Chill until set, chop roughly with 2 knives. Spoon out into serving-dishes, piling up in centre, sprinkle with chopped mint.

## APPLE SNOW SUPREME

One recessed sponge or one layer of sponge with some cut from the top to make a recess, small quantity lemon or passionfruit butter,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups unsweetened stewed apple pulp (well drained free of syrup and beaten smooth), 2 egg-whites, pinch of salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar, custard made from the 2 egg-yolks, or if these are required for another purpose, substitute cream or ice-cream for the custard.

Spread recess of sponge with a thin layer of lemon or passionfruit butter. Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt, add lemon rind. Gradually beat in sugar and beat until sugar is dissolved. Fold into apple pulp, color pale green if desired. Pile into

recess of sponge, cut into wedges. Serve at once with custard, cream, or ice-cream.

## EGGS IN TOMATO CUPS

Six medium-size tomatoes, salt, pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup finely diced cold meat (ham or luncheon sausage is good), 3 hard-boiled eggs, mayonnaise, 2 finely chopped shallots (use a small amount of the green portion as well), lettuce, celery, cucumber.

Wash and dry tomatoes, cut a slice from top of each, and scoop out pulp about half way down. Dust cases lightly with salt and pepper. Into each one place a portion of the diced cold meat. Cut hard-boiled eggs in halves, place an egg half, cut side up, in the top of each tomato. Flavor mayonnaise with shallots, trickle some over each egg-stuffed tomato. Serve in lettuce cups with celery sticks and sliced cucumber.

## ICE-CREAM WITH PEARS AND CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Ice-cream (bought or home-made), pear halves (home-cooked or tinned), chocolate sauce.

Chocolate sauce: 3 tablespoons cocoa,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk, 1

cup sugar, 1 tablespoon condensed milk, 1 dessertspoon butter, vanilla.

Prepare chocolate sauce. Blend cocoa to a smooth paste with the water. Bring slowly to boiling point with milk and sugar, stirring all the time. Simmer gently 5 minutes. Stir in condensed milk and butter, simmer 2 or 3 minutes longer over low heat. Add vanilla and beat until smooth. Place a scoop of ice-cream in each serving-dish, top with a pear half: pour hot chocolate sauce over.

## QUICK FISH LOAF

Two cups cooked flaked fish or tinned fish, 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup thick white sauce,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons chopped celery.

Mix fish with beaten egg, white sauce, breadcrumbs, lemon juice, onion, and Worcestershire sauce. Fold in parsley and celery, mix well. Turn into loaf-tin which has been greased and dusted lightly with browned crumbs. Cover with greased paper, bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour. Serve with tar-

**SLICED MEAT LOAF** (see recipe below) is served on buttered rolls and topped with chutney. Tomato, cucumber, and onion slices, also on buttered rolls, and salad ingredients are served on the same platter.

tare sauce or allow to become cold and serve in slices with mayonnaise and salad ingredients.

## RHUBARB MOULD

One small bunch of rhubarb, 1 cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{3}$ rd cup water, thin piece lemon rind, 1 packet lemon jelly crystals, custard or cream, wafer biscuits.

Trim and wash rhubarb stalks thoroughly, cut into 1 in. pieces. Place in saucepan, enamel-lined if possible, with sugar, water, and lemon rind. Simmer gently until rhubarb is quite soft. Stir well to pulp the rhubarb, measure and make up to  $\frac{3}{4}$  pint with water. Stir in jelly crystals while rhubarb is still hot, continue stirring until thoroughly dissolved. Fill into wetted mould. Chill until set. Unmould and serve with custard and wafer biscuits.



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## For tiny beach-girls

It takes only three ounces of 4-ply wool to make this attractive bib-style swimsuit, which is designed to fit a two-to-three-year-old.

**Materials:** 3 skeins "Willa" 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1075, white (this is the only wool which should be used); colored wools for embroidery; 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 2 buttons; 1 crochet hook.

**Measurements:** Length from top of shoulder, 14in.; width round widest part, 15in.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; rep., repeat; patt., pattern; beg., beginning; dec., decrease (d); inc., increased; cont., continue.

**Tension:** 7 sts. 1in.; 9 rows, 1in.

Using No. 12 needles, commence at waistband of back and cast on 72 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row, purling twice into every 2nd st. (108 sts.).

**1st Row:** \* K 1, p 1, rep. from \* to end.

**2nd Row:** Rep. 1st row.

**3rd Row:** \* P 1, k 1, rep. from \* to end.

**4th Row:** Rep. 3rd row.

Rep. these 4 rows and, when work measures 8in., cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of every row until dec. to 36 sts. Work 4 rows. Cast on 4 sts. at the beg. of every row until inc. to 108 sts. Cont. in patt. for 6in.

**Next Row (wrong side):** \* P 1, p 2 tog., rep. from \* to end (72 sts.).

Change to No. 12 needles and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in. Change to No. 10



**COLORED** crocheted edging around the bib and straps is an effective trimming for the swimsuit and stops the garment from stretching. Embroidered design on the bib is optional.

needles, cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows.

**Next Row:** Work 10 sts. in patt., k 36, work 10 sts. in patt.

Cont. in st-st., keeping 10 border sts. each end in patt., and dec. 1 st. inside each border every 4th row until dec. to 40 sts. Work across all sts. in patt. for 3in.

**Next Row:** Work 10 sts. in patt. (leave on a spare needle), cast off 20 sts., work 10 sts. in patt. Cont. in patt. on last 10 sts. for 6in. or required length.

**Next Row:** Work 4 sts., cast off 2 sts., work 4 sts.

**Next Row:** Work 1 st., cast on 2 sts., work 4 sts.

Cont. in patt. and k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 2 sts. Cast off 1st wool and work other side as correspond.

LEG BANDS

Using No. 12 needles, with right side of work toward you, pick up and k about 8 sts. around legs. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. Cast off a ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams. Sew buttons on back and fasten straps. Using colored wool, crochet around bib and straps as follows: \* 1 d.c. into 1st st., 1 picot (4 ch, then 4-st. into 1st st. of ch), miss 1 st., rep. from \* to end. A trimmer design can be embroidered in colored wools on the bib, or it may be left plain.

Miss Precious  
Minutes says:-

**BOBBY-PINS** that have become strained through use can be adjusted by holding the curved end firmly in the fingers and twisting the apex ends first one way, then the other.

**MEASURING** cups are frequently used in preparing three meals a day. Save time, steps, and washing-up by keeping a measuring cup in each flour, sugar, and cereal canister.

**HOLD** crushed artificial flowers over steam, allow to dry, and they will regain their freshness. Velvet hats and berets treated in the same way should be brushed while still damp from the steam.

**MAKE** cushion covers for children's rooms like housewife pillow slips. They save tedious unpicking of stitches when the covers have to be removed for washing and of resewing when the covers are replaced.

## IDEAS FOR THE HANDYMAN



**FIX** screw-top jars to the underside of a workbench shelf as containers for nails and other small items. The jar lids can be either screwed to the shelf or on to a board and then fixed in position.



A **CAKE-TIN** or tin plate is a convenient holder for screws, nails, small tools, or a can of paint when you're working on a step-ladder. Screw the tin to the top of ladder with a flathead screw.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 29, 1946





## RELY ON PERIOD FURNITURE FOR CHARM

By JOAN MARTIN

One of the questions I am asked most frequently is: Shall I furnish in modern or traditional style? Modern furnishings are well suited to to-day's living, but there is much to be said for the gracious atmosphere of a period room.

I AM planning the furnishings of my new home, and must first solve the basic problem of whether to furnish in modern or traditional style. I lean towards traditional. Have you any advice on this question?

Contemporary furniture is often quite beautiful, but there is one word which can never be applied to a modern room—charm.

Haven't you ever gone into a room which is old-fashioned, over-furnished, and full of knick-knacks (all the things which dyed-in-the-wood modernists abhor) and involuntarily your reaction has been—how very charming the room is!

Part of this attractiveness is undoubtedly the more homely atmosphere this type of furnishing produces, the mellowness of old wood, and the feeling that each and every article has been selected and treasured with loving care. One of the advantages of period furniture is that it is not necessary to finish a room completely at once. Having decided on a general scheme, you can buy individual pieces over a period of months, or even years.

Antiques are mostly very costly, and the acquisition of one small item quite often involves years of saving—and of searching.

There are, however, many very excellent reproductions which, though still quite expensive, have been made by craftsmen whose love of the beautiful is reflected in their superb workmanship and which have all the appearance of the genuine.

These, combined with well-chosen accessories—lamps, ornaments, vases, pictures, etc.—will give you the type of room of which you will never tire.

It will never be outdated and the years will add to rather than detract from its charm.

With old-fashioned furniture don't make the mistake of using drab materials. Mahogany, cedar, walnut—all the good woods, in fact—are seen at their best when they reflect the glow of rich color.

For covers and curtains the Regency colors, pinks, yellows, and greens—with their wonderful range of tonings—are ideal.

Any fabric from the heaviest linen to the lightest cotton can be used.

Velvet, of course, is the perfect fabric for certain covers, such as the buttoned settee illustrated.

Of course, velvet may not be practical or suitable to use "en masse," but as an accent it is ideal.

Even when cotton is used for the curtains and covers, one small chair, or maybe a stool, covered in velvet of a deeper shade will give great character to the room.

Don't be afraid to blend fabrics—difference in textures is good. It is the blending of colors which is sometimes tricky.

Try if possible to borrow a length of the material from the shop or upholsterer before deciding. Throw it over the chair or curtain rod and look at it well for a day or so before buying.

So often materials are lovely by day and not so good at night, or vice versa.

To show off your furniture to greater advantage, eliminate if possible all dark wood doors, window-sills, and skirting-boards.

Paint them to match your walls and you will be surprised how much prettier your room will be.



I HAVE a vase with a long, narrow neck which is quite unsuitable for flowers, so I have decided to use it as a lamp base.

Please tell me the best type of shade to use.

I imagine your vase looks somewhat like the one illustrated.

Make sure your shade is neither too small nor too large (both are disastrous) by taking the vase along when shopping for the shade.

The shade is best made as plain as possible. It should always be "as one" with the base.

It could be made of silk or cotton fabric—or, better still, of paper so treated that its surface can be wiped over with a damp cloth when dirty.

These shades are obtainable ready made, and although a little more expensive than the ordinary parchment are well worth the extra cost.



YOU recently suggested using an old sewing-machine base as a dressing-table, but I would like to use ours more simply.

Have you any suggestions?

The plant stand illustrated may appeal to you. I think it is most attractive.

It is an American idea I have seen carried out with great effect.

This would make a permanent home for an attractive variety of plants. It could easily be moved about the house, depending on the season.

The stand can be painted any color and obviously could also be used as an occasional table anywhere in the house.

The wrought-iron legs could contrast with or match the main body of the table.

If your table is similar to the one illustrated, you could make a home for more plants by putting a shelf across the horizontal bars.



## HEAP MORE, MUM!



**NEW HONEY-SWEET FLAVOUR** excites whole family tribe! Kellogg's Bran Flakes are a honey-sweet blend of the best part of SWEET wheat pepped up with tasty, toasty bran. This luscious breakfast is a "2-in-1" winner. You get these TWO great cereals combined in one breakfast cereal — for the price of one!



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**DON'T MISS THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF A.M.**  
A dozen top-line features make the new November issue of A.M. bigger value than ever.  
One of the most interesting articles is a survey of Australia's lotteries, on which Australians (including, possibly, you) spend £57,000 a day, or about 1d. for every man, woman, and child in the country. Another outstanding feature is "Killer in the Kitchen," a revealing report on the poison dangers that lurk in almost every home.

## Readers' prize recipes



**BAKED APPLES** for a "special occasion" dessert. Halve the apples, bake cut-side-up with centres filled with sugar. When nearly cooked, top with halved blanched almonds and return to oven until apples are soft and almonds lightly browned. Add a cherry to each before serving hot or cold.

This week's £5 prize recipe is for a main dinner course, all of which is cooked in the oven.

**THE** meat dish of savory beef balls is cooked in the upper half of the oven while jacket potatoes and a casserole of marrow slices are cooked on the shelf below.

Consolation prizes are awarded to chocolate almond bars (a shortbread mixture joined with almond paste) and pineapple and dried-apricot jam.

**SAVORY BEEF BALLS**  
One pound minced steak, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, mixed herbs to taste, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 3 tomatoes, 6 onion slices, 6 medium-sized potatoes, 1 small marrow.

Combine steak, breadcrumbs, sauces, parsley, herbs, and salt and pepper to taste. Bind with beaten egg. Shape into six balls with floured hands. Arrange halved tomatoes in greased ovenproof dish. Season with salt and pepper. Top each with an onion slice, then a meat ball. Cover with

sheet of greased paper. Wash marrow, cut into 1-in. slices, remove pith. Place in casserole-dish, barely cover with boiling water, add salt. Place lid on. Arrange meat-dish in top half of moderate oven and casserole of marrow on lower shelf, with scrubbed potatoes around. Bake 1 to 1½ hours. Serve meat balls in marrow rings. Split potatoes, top with nut of butter and sprinkling of salt and pepper.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Price, Market St., Trentham, Vic.

### CHOCOLATE ALMOND BARS

Four ounces ground almonds, 4 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, 5 dessertspoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons castor sugar, almond essence, ¼ cups flour, 2½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon apricot jam, chocolate icing.

Combine ground almonds and icing sugar. Mix to a stiff paste with a little of the egg and milk beaten together. Prepare shortbread. Cream shortening and sugar, flavor with a few drops of almond essence.

Add sifted flour and baking powder. Mix to a stiff dough, adding balance of egg and milk if necessary. Divide into two portions. Roll each to fit 8-in. tin. Place one portion in greased tin, spread thinly with apricot jam. Roll almond paste to fit tin, place on top of jam. Spread lightly with apricot jam, place second shortbread portion on top. Prick with fork, glaze with milk. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Cut into bars, cool on cake-cooler. Top with thin chocolate icing.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. A. Quinn, 124 Dawson St., Newcastle, N.S.W.

### PINEAPPLE AND DRIED-APRICOT JAM

One pound dried apricots, 3 pints hot water, 3 cups grated pineapple, 4lb sugar.

Soak apricots overnight in hot water. Add grated pineapple, bring to boil. Cook gently until apricots are tender. Add warmed sugar, stir until dissolved. Cook rapidly until mixture "jells" when tested on a cold saucer, approximately 1 hour. Bottle while hot into warmed jars, seal and label when cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. J. Dolman, Echunga, S.A.

### FOR THE CHILDREN



## FOR YOUR RECIPE FILE Money-Saving Recipes

### for Home Baking

Use standard measuring cups and spoons for accuracy, and weigh where necessary.

Have all ingredients ready for use before cake mix is started; this cuts out delays, and gives best results. Bake immediately after mixing.

### Rock Cakes

- 1 OZS. PLAIN FLOUR
- 2 LEVEL TEASPOONS "AUNT MARY'S" BAKING POWDER
- 2 OZS. BUTTER OR LARD
- MARGARINE
- 2 OZS. SUGAR
- GRADED MIX OF HALF 1 LEMON OR ORANGE
- 3 OZS. "GOLD BLEN" MILK
- 1 EGG
- 1 CUP MILK
1. Preheat oven to 500° F. (hot).
2. Grease a slide generously.
3. Roll mixed fruits in a little flour to prevent sticking.
4. Sift flour and baking powder together (twice) in a bowl.
5. Add butter or margarine and rub in well.
6. Add sugar, rind of lemon or orange, mixed fruits and mix in well.
7. Beat egg separately, add well and mix with egg through, using a fork.
8. Add egg-milk mixture to flour mix, mixing well to form a stiff dough.
9. Put on greased slide with fork in rough, evenly sized pieces to give about twelve cakes.
10. Bake in oven for about 10 minutes.

### Cheese Biscuits

- 2 OZS. PLAIN FLOUR
- 2 LEVEL TEASPOONS "AUNT MARY'S" BAKING POWDER
- 1 TEASPOON SALT
- 1 OZ. BUTTER OR LARD
- MARGARINE
- 1½ CUPS GRATED CHEESE
- 2 OZS. MILK AND BEETTES 1 FODAL BUTTER
1. Preheat oven to 500° F. (hot).
2. Grease a biscuit slide generously.
3. Flour a board sparingly.
4. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together twice into a bowl.
5. Add butter or salt, margarine and cheese and rub in well.
6. Add milk and water mixture gradually until a stiff dough is formed.
7. Turn onto a floured board.
8. Roll ½" thick.
9. Cut into rounds with a heated biscuit cutter, making 25 biscuits 1" round.
10. Place on greased slide.
11. Bake in oven for 10 to 15 minutes until golden brown.

### Tea Leaves

- 2 OZS. PLAIN FLOUR
- 2 LEVEL TEASPOONS "AUNT MARY'S" BAKING POWDER
- 1 OZ. SUGAR
- 1 OZ. BUTTER OR LARD
- MARGARINE
- 1 EGG
- 1 CUP MILK
- 1 TABLESPOON SUGAR
1. Preheat oven to 500° F. (hot).
2. Grease a slide generously.
3. Flour a board generously.
4. Sift flour, salt and baking powder together twice in a bowl.
5. Add sugar, 1½ cups milk and mix well.
6. Add butter and rub in well.
7. Place egg in a separate bowl and beat well.
8. Add milk and mix in well with a fork.
9. Add egg-milk mixture to flour mix and mix to a stiff dough.
10. Turn onto floured board, rolling the dough with hands. Do not knead.
11. Cut into 12 to 14 pieces and mould into small loaves.
12. Place on well-greased slide, glaze with egg and sprinkle liberally with sugar (optional).
13. Bake in oven for 10-15 minutes. These are delicious served hot with a little butter.

**Aunt Mary's**  
CREAM OF TARTAR

**Baking Powder**

**AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER** can be used with any recipe. See simple conversion table, on every can of Aunt Mary's, when using recipes that do not specify plain flour and baking powder.



## CROCHETED MATS

Table mats with this pretty crocheted trim will look crisp and fresh with summer table settings. Organdie is suggested for the body of the mats, but colored linen could be used.

**Materials:** 3 balls 442 (pale yellow) and 1 ball 895 (pale green) Quins' Chain Stitch Crochet No. 20; piece of yellow organdie; Milward's No. 3 crocheter hook No. 3. (Shallots could use a No. 4 hook and tight workers could use a No. 2) hook.)

**Abbreviations:** Ch., chain; slip-stitch, s-lt.; double crochet, d.c.; half treble, tr.; etc.

### INSERTION

#### Stem and Leaves

Using green, commence with 10 ch., 1 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, 3 d.c., 1 s-lt. into same place as tr. was made (one leaf completed), 3 ch., 1 s-lt. into same place as last s-lt., 1 d.c. into same place as last s-lt., holding a leaf on each side of work, then make a tight s-lt. between the 2 leaves; rep. from \* until piece measures 2 yds. long. Do not break off.

#### FIRST ROSETTE

Using yellow, commence with 8 ch., join with a s-lt. to form a ring.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into ring, 1 ch., 1 d.c. into ring) 5 times.

2nd Row: Into each loop work 1 d.c., 1 hlf. tr., 3 tr., 1 hlf. tr. and 1 d.c.

3rd Row: \* 5 ch., 1 d.c. between next 2 petals; rep. from all round.

4th Row: Into each 5 ch. space work 1 d.c., 1 hlf. tr., 5 tr., 1 hlf. tr. and 1 d.c.

5th Row: \* 7 ch., 1 d.c. between next 2 petals; rep. from all round.

6th Row: Into each of next loops work 1 d.c., 1 hlf. tr.,

7 tr., 1 hlf. tr., and 1 d.c., into next loop work 1 d.c., 1 hlf. tr., 4 tr., 1 s-lt. into tip of first leaf, into same loop on rosette work 3 tr., 1 hlf. tr., and 1 d.c., into next loop work 1 d.c., 1 hlf. tr., 1 tr., 1 s-lt. into tip of next leaf on same side of stem, 5 tr. into same loop on rosette, 1 s-lt. into tip of next leaf on same side of stem, into same loop on rosette work 1 tr., 1 hlf. tr., and 1 d.c., complete remaining petal as before, joining centre tr. of next petal with s-lt. to tip of next leaf on same side of stem. 1 s-lt. into first d.c. of first petal. Fasten off.

#### SECOND ROSETTE

Work as for first rosette until 5th row is completed.

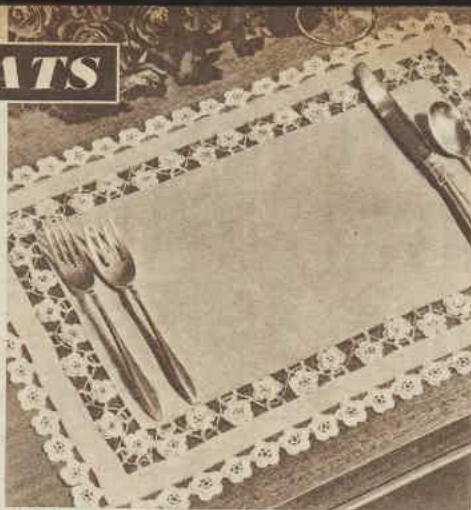
6th Row: Into each of next 2 loops work 1 d.c., 1 hlf. tr., 7 tr., 1 hlf. tr., and 1 d.c., into next loop work 1 d.c., 1 hlf. tr., 4 tr., now complete rosette, attaching it to leaves on other side of stem as follows: Count 3 sets of free double leaves following the last leaf that was attached to the rosette, 1 s-lt. into tip of 3rd free leaf on opposite side of stem, into same loop on rosette work 3 tr., 1 hlf. tr., and 1 d.c. Join remaining petals to tips of next 3 leaves on same side of stem as before.

#### THIRD ROSETTE

Make a rosette as before, attaching centre tr. of 3rd petal to tip of free leaf on other side of stem directly opposite the first leaf that was attached to previous rosette and complete rosette, joining it to tips of next 3 leaves as before.

#### FOURTH ROSETTE

Make and join same as second rosette.



SHADED GREEN LEAVES and stemming accent the yellow roses in the insertion of these organdie luncheon mats. Smaller yellow roses form the border.

#### FIFTH ROSETTE

Make and join same as third rosette.

Continue in this manner until 13 rosettes have been joined. This completes one long side to within corner.

#### CORNER ROSETTE

Count 3 sets of free double leaves and mark the 5th set. Make a rosette as before until 5th row is completed.

6th Row: Into next loop work 1 d.c., 1 hlf. tr., 7 tr., 1 hlf. tr., 1 d.c., into next loop work 1 d.c., 1 hlf. tr., 4 tr., 1 s-lt. into tip of marked free leaf on other side of stem, into same loop on rosette work 3 tr., 1 hlf. tr., and 1 d.c. (into next loop work 1 d.c., 1 hlf. tr., and 1 tr., 1 s-lt. into tip of next leaf on same side of stem, 5 tr. into same loop on rosette, 1 s-lt. into tip of next leaf, into same loop on rosette work 1 tr., 1 hlf. tr., and 1 d.c.) twice, complete rosette as before, joining centre tr. of next petal to tip of next leaf as before.

## Care of carpets

THE wearing quality of rugs and carpets should not be just taken for granted.

Given proper care, the life of both can be considerably increased.

Under-felt should be laid first on any floor that is to be carpeted. This layer not only protects the underside of the carpet, where wear often begins, but makes it thicker and softer to walk on.

For a stair carpet, the under-felt should overhang each stair nosing. Stair rods that hold the carpet firmly across its breadth are better than the various types of clips that merely grip the edges.

Stair carpet should be moved a few inches up or down twice in the first six months and once every six months afterwards. Buy an extra foot for the top and bottom of the stairs and fold the excess length under to allow for these changes.

With a new carpet, a certain amount of fluffing or shedding is to be expected, but too vigorous brushing of a new carpet will cause unnecessary loss of wool. Always brush in the direction in which the pile lies. Should a sweeper or vacuum-cleaner be used, make the final



DAILY CARE: Remove surface dust to preserve the pile of rugs and carpets.

stroke in this direction. A vacuum cleaner should be used with caution during the early life of a carpet.

Generally, the cleaning and care of household carpets and rugs can be planned under these headings:

**Daily Care:** Grit is the main enemy of all carpets, and in rooms which are used regularly a carpet-sweeper should be run over daily to pick up dust or crumbs before they work into the pile. Small rugs should never be shaken; they should be cleaned with a sweeper or vacuum cleaner and given an occasional light beating when laid flat on dry grass.

**Periodic Care:** Except during the first few months, carpets need thorough sweeping or cleaning with a vacuum to remove embedded soil. How often this will be necessary depends on location and the traffic through a room.

**Occasional Care:** To prolong the life of carpets and rugs, rearrange heavy furniture and change the position of rugs from time to time so that traffic is diverted to different parts. Spraying of wool carpets and rugs with a reliable insecticide is also another precaution to prevent damage by moths or beetles.



OCCASIONAL CARE: Rearrange furniture settings to divert traffic and avoid worn spots.

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## Mandrake the Magician

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# PERRY MASON

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

• Famous lawyer Perry Mason is consulted by Dr. Early, owner of Xperiments Inc., about a new company to manufacture his latest invention. Roy Adger plans to steal blueprints of the invention and begins his scheme to frame Sally Dale by saying Dr. Early may need her to work overtime. He asks private investigator Paul Drake to watch Xperiments' office, and plants old plans in Sally's flat.



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Page 56

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